THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXII.—No. 1593

JUNE 26, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

DINING, DANCING AND SWIMMING :
Restaurants and Rendez-vous in and out of Town

Wimbledon Prospects—"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes

1/-

ST MORITZ

ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND. 6,000 ft. alt.

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS (18 and 9 Holes Links)—

Four International Lawn Tennis Matches—Trout Fishing—Riding—Swimming—Mountain Climbing—All Roads Open to Motor Cars.

"THE BIG FIVE"

THE KULM HOTELS—THE GRAND HOTEL—THE SUVRETTA—THE PALACE—THE CARLTON.

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

BANISH THAT HEADACHE *at once* with Genasprin

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

PERTHSHIRE

GLENEAGLES HOTEL

GOLF TENNIS
SHOOTING
(Clay Pigeon)
RIDING DANCING
SWIMMING

For particulars and tariff apply: Central Bureau (Dept. G.B.), Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1. Direct Restaurant Car and Sleeping Car Services by L.M.S.

Arthur Towle, Controller, L.M.S. Hotel Services

A Spa Treatment at Home

KUTNOW'S EFFERVESCENT SALINE POWDER

Expels Uric Acid From the System.

DINNEFORD'S

Pure Fluid Magnesia

The safe Antacid and gentle Aperient—famous for 100 years

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein.—(The world's most radio-active thermal springs).—**" Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of dis., com. serv. Unrivalled pos.

Gallspach—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe. — Britannia Hotel. —The good hotel. Moderate terms. Every comfort. Excellent cooking.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt.—Fin. sit. Fac. sea. Wonderful sands. 140 rms. Ex. kitchen. Full board terms from Frs. 60.

Tervueren.—Chateau de Tervueren.—Tel. (Inter-02), 51.60.11. High-cl. fam. Htl. Form. Ryl. Res. 7½ mls. from Brussels. Mar. site.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathg. Nr. Ten. Golf. Casino. Pension from 65 frs Tels.. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis, 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Champs-Elysées—**Hotel de Delft.**—30 Rue Montaigne. Good Brit. fam. Hotel. Quiet, comf., gd. cuis. Full board fm. 40 Frs.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Miramar.—
300 rooms all with bath.
The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Dinard (I. & V.)—Hotel Chateaubriand.—Famous for its excellent cuisine. H. & C. running water all rooms. M. Cloué, Prop.

Juan-les-Pins. — " Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Bristol.—First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Op. Casino, Gar. Beach. 1st class. Pen. from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, with suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Black Forest.—**" Brenner's Stephanie "** and **" Brenner's Park."** Baccara. 18 h. Golf. Swimming pool.

Baden-Baden. — " Bellevue." — The well-known family hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from RM. 8, or with pte. thermal bath from RM. 10.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels Kurhaus and Römerbad. — The two leading hotels, same management. All comf. Pens. fr. RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—" Der Kaiserhof." — First-class hotel. Large gdn. fac. baths & Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 bathrms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first-class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Hotel pref. by Eng., all mod. comf. Mod. prices, ex. cuisine. Prop., A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Bristol. — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension Arrangements from RM. 9.—Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.11.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof.—1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up. Room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site fcg. Rhein. Garage. Rooms from RM. 4.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue, the ldg. Htl. Wld. renwnd. Unique pos. on the River. Gdn.-Pk. Terraces. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf, Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. hotel. 150 r. fr. RM.5; w. bath fr. RM.9.—Bar, Orch., Gar., Fam.-Rest. " Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel facing the Zugspitze. 1st class family hotel—excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First class—quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc.& Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com

München—Hotel " Der Königshof."—Karlsplatz 25. 1st-class, near theatres & museums —150 rms., 50 baths. New underground gar.

GERMANY—*continued.*

München — Hotel Gruenwald.—
Opposite central station.
300 beds. Every comfort.

München.—Grand Hotel Continental.—1st-class throughout. Moderate terms. Quiet situation. Lock-up garages.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof. — Leading House, 75 beds, famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden — Hotel Schwarzer Bock. — 1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in Hotel. Golf, Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous Hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from RM. 10.

Wildbad.—Concordia Hotel.—Facing the Kurgarten, near Baths and Tennis. Garage. Full board RM. 8—10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace - Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comft. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fash'ble isl. of all sports. Golf (18 h.), polo, sail'g, fish'g, ten., shoot'g, beach. Perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rms. Baths. Gard. Orch. Ten. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—**Grand Hotel.**—Large Park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis, Golf, Fishing, Bathing. Pension 45 lire.

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis, Golf, Bathing, Orchestra, Gar. Rooms from 6/-, Pens. from 17/-. Swiss Man.

Viareggio.—Grand Hotel Royal.—300 rms. Comf. Best pos. nr. sea & for. Open Rest. Orches. distract. New Man., Cav. F. Paletto.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm). — **Grand Hotel.**—Ldg. Tourist Htl. A house with ev'ry comt. for those des'g the best. Reas. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Axenfels, Lake Lucerne.—**Palace Hotel.**—Exc. for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (near Zürich). — **Grand Hotel.**—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle—Schweizerhof. — First-class. Every modern comfort. Open-Air Restaurant. Private Auto-Parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-Gard. Tenn. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fm. 12 frs.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date—On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest, overlkg. lake & City. Incl. Price 15s., with priv. bath 17s. 6d.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva. — Hotel Victoria. — Facg. English garden & lake. Homelike, every mod. comf. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.—2,270 ft. Ideal pos. Overlooking Lake of Geneva. 1st cl. Cuisine. Incl. terms from Fr. 12.

Gunten—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13—up.

Gurnigel.—Bernese Oberl'd.—(3,900 f. a.s.). Sum. & Win. **Grand Htl.,** 1st-cl. 300 b. bths. Diet. Forests. T. Or. Wkly. terms incl. £5 7 0.

Interlaken—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fac'g Jungfrau, next Casino Gar. All comfs. Renowned Cuis. Gar. Pens. from Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Homelike house; latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants S/Montreux. 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, run. water, incl. terms from 12/-. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne. — Carlton Hotel. — 1st-cl. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. 8. Pens. fr. 18 Frs. Dir.: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne.—Hotel Schweizerhof.— A Home away from Home. Ever. com. Pers. attention. Golf, 18 holes. Ten., Beach. O. Hauser, Prop.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental—on the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. Ideal Home. Charm. pos. Gard. Gar. New Rates. (Res. Prop., W. Deig.)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. face lake. Mod. comf. Golf. Ten. L'ge P'k. Gar. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel & Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tennis Crts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue & Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake. Own beach. 2 tennis. Boating. Incl. rate (pen.) with bath £1.

Vevey.—Park Hotel Mooser.—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pens. Frcs. 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Ten., bath'g, mountaineering, danc'g. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz Borter, Prop.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of Hotel, 1,900 feet. Wonderful view. Swimming pool.

Zermatt (5,315 feet).—**The 8 Seiler-Hotels.**—(1,000 beds.) Pens. rate from Fr. 9, and Frs. 12.50.

Wildbad
in the Black Forest,

Germany. 1400 to 2500 feet above sea-level.

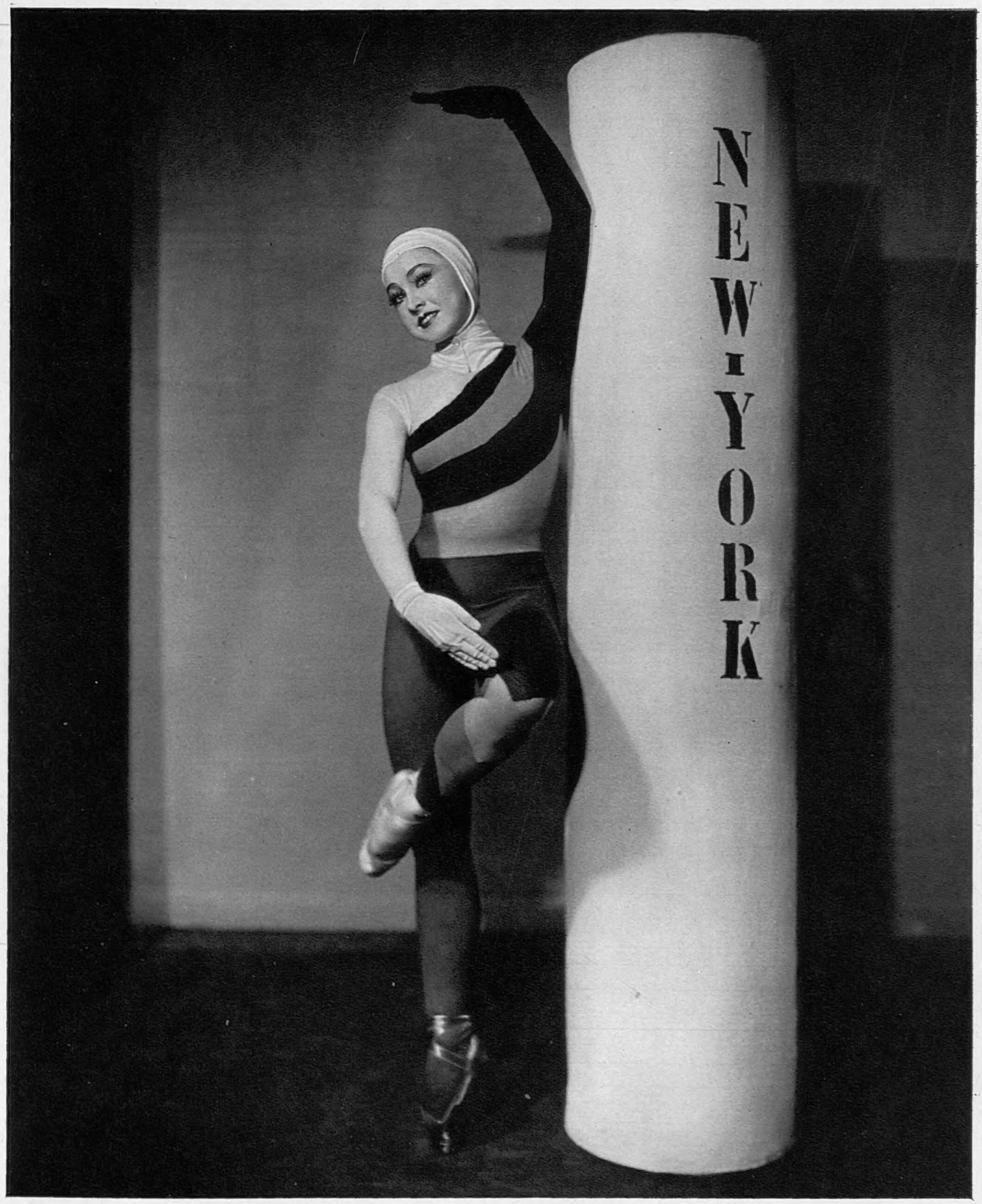
Excellent Trout Fishing

Curative Springs (93-99° F.) for hundreds of years proved beneficial for gout, rheumatism, sciatica, nerve troubles, etc. Rejuvenation; all modern curative methods. Sport. Midget Golf. Mountain Railway. Beautiful Woods. Information from the "Badverwaltung" or the "Kurverein" Wildbad in the Black Forest, and all Tourist Agencies

The Bystander, June 26, 1934

No. 1593. Vol. CXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BARONOVA IN "JEUX D'ENFANTS"

Irina Baronova is a fascinating creature and a superlatively good dancer, and one of the Russian Ballet enthusiasts' warmest favourites. She is appearing at Covent Garden with Colonel de Basil's company, the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, who are repeating their great success of last year, when they packed the Alhambra for weeks during July and August. Baronova's duet with David Lichine in "Les Présages" was the big moment of the opening night last week. "Jeux d'Enfants," the ballet which this photograph illustrates, was given last Friday, and will no doubt be repeated in this week's programme

ROUNDABOUT

Mr. Peter Gibson, Lord Bridport, and his fiancée, Miss Pamela Baker, and Mr. Harold Talbot, one of the Aurora team, at the Polo Ball at Ranelagh

Swaebe

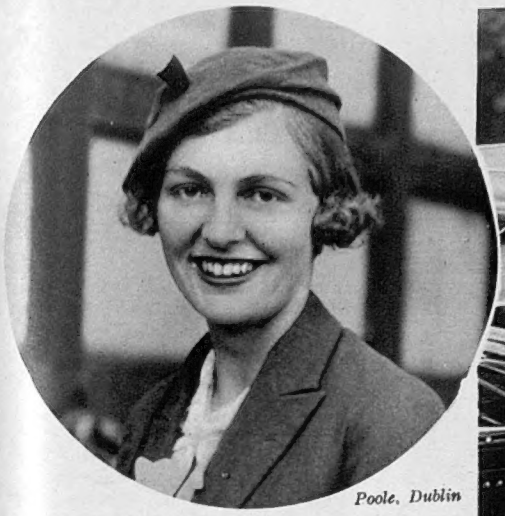
Above: Lord Tennyson and his attractive American wife at Poulsen's Club, Datchett, on one of the heat-wave evenings

Lord and Lady de la Warr were at the International Horse Show dinner, rehearsal, and ball, which took place last week at Olympia, just before the Horse Show opened

Mrs. Woolley-Hart in a butterfly-covered coat, and with antennæ on her small hat, at Ascot on Tuesday

Some of the Young Committee of the Puff Ball doing "sandwich-man"; they included Lady Jane FitzRoy, Lady Gloria Vaughan, Miss Pamela Ritchie, Miss B. Hayes-Sadleir, Miss Diana Gibbs, Miss Bunty Soames, Miss Parker, the Hon. Rosemary Dormer, Miss Anstice Crawley, the Chairman, and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone

Following the heat-wave's Mayfair. The dinner-dance was held at Hurlingham. In Brinsley French, Miss Hilton



Poole, Dublin

Miss Freda Keane, the lovely niece of Senator Sir John Keane, at Phœnix Park Races

Above: Miss Averil Loyd standing beside the Vauxhall which her stepfather, Capt. Ralph Stobart, gave her as her seventeenth birthday present

At a Highlanders' Reunion

Right: Miss Susan Henderson and Mr. Garnett watching a race at Ascot from the top of a coach

Left: the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., M.V.O., D.S.O., and Lady Brooke-Popham were at the Highland Society of London banquet at Grosvenor House

Swaebe

ave fashion, charity dances have begun to move outwards from nce in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, Chelsea, In the group above are Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun, Mr. ton Simpson, Miss Valerie Edwards and Mr. Douglas Pattison

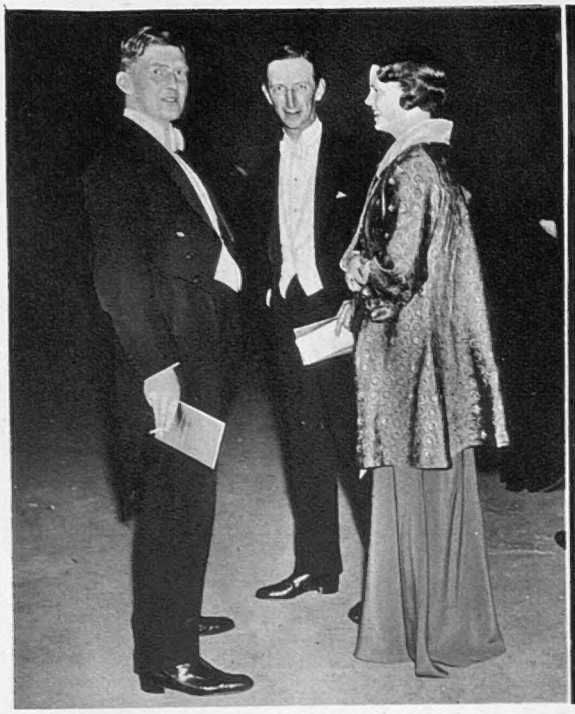
Swaebe

The Chairman's table at the Victoria Hospital dinner-dance at Hurlingham: the Hon. Mrs. Frank Hopwood, Mr. G. Chadwick, Mrs. R. D. Oldham, the Hon. Frank Hopwood, Lady Ellenborough, chairman of the dance, Commander Kenneth Grant, Mrs. McLeod, Mr. R. D. Oldham, Lady Elizabeth Annesley and Lord Ellenborough

Ascot Week Occasions

Extreme left: Mr. Andrew Knowles, the Earl of Fingall, the Irish rider and owner, and Miss Patricia Bainbridge at the International Horse Show Ball

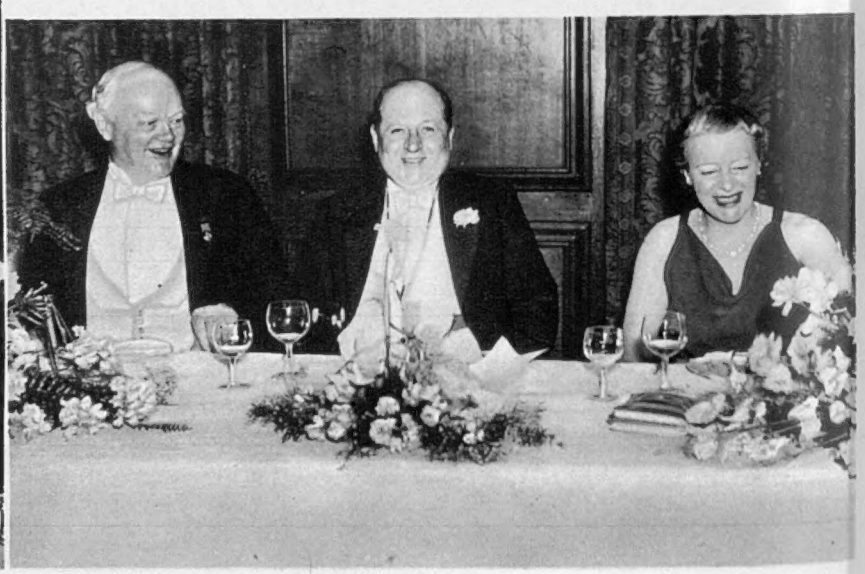
Left: the Ranee of Sarawak, her youngest daughter, Miss Valerie Brooke, and Mr. Archer-Shee at the Ascot Ball at Wentworth, in aid of the King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor



Dancing at Olympia and Wentworth

The Postmaster-General at a Poster Exhibition

Sir Kingsley Wood looking at some of the exhibits at the Shell-Mex and B.P. exhibition, "Pictures in Advertising," at the Burlington Galleries. Mr. Kenneth Clarke, director of the National Gallery, opened the exhibition with an interesting speech on posters and modern art



The International Horse Show Dinner at Olympia

The dinner at Olympia in connection with the International Horse Show took place on the evening before it opened, and was followed by a rehearsal, and a ball in aid of the Royal Veterinary College. Among others at the dinner were (top, left) the Countess of Drogheda and the Earl of Kimberley; (left) H.R.H. Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden and Mr. Philip E. Hill, the chairman; (right) Viscount Hailsham, Lord Carnock, and Lady Wright of Durley

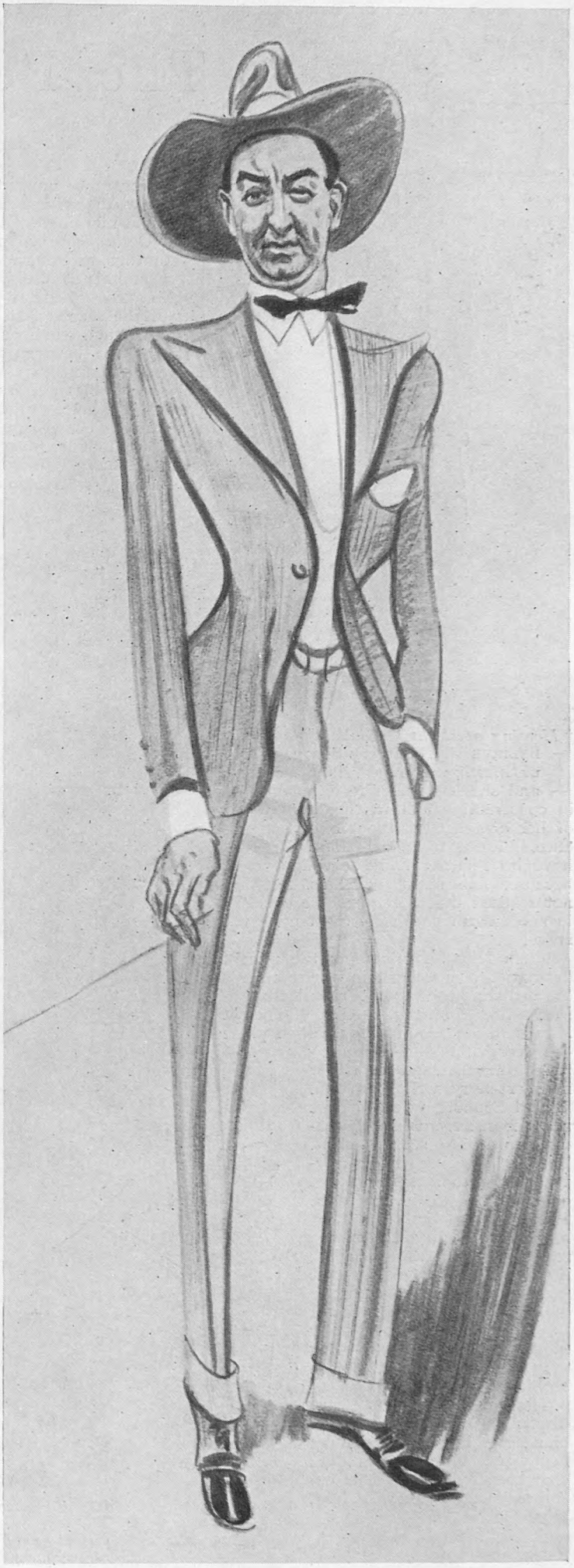
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 56.

John "Tex" Austin

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra



JOHN "TEX" AUSTIN is forty-eight years old, six foot six inches tall, fourteen stone in weight, and always packs a six-shooter. He has been married three times. He has held the twelve biggest rodeos in the world, and he was born in Victoria, Texas. Hence his moniker.

Tex is overwhelming. He needs to be. Cowboys—and cowgirls—need a lot of handling. His greatest love in the world is horses. That's why he won't eat a steak in Belgium—for fear that it won't be made of beef. Not so long ago he was offered big money to start a stud farm of horses for Continental eating. He nearly shot the whole syndicate which suggested it. Another of his dislikes is anything French. He calls a chateaubriand "a double-sirloin steak for one." He has a booming voice, but is so full of good stories that you don't mind him bulldogging the conversation, as he always does. His phraseology is picturesque and pithy. His gift for swearing is something you must hear to believe. Tex has made it one of the fine arts.

ONE day he is going to write his life-story. I hope the publishers don't geld it. Among his characteristics are a permanent cigar in the side of his mouth, an appreciation of good Scotch whisky, and a habit of getting up at 4.30 a.m., wherever he is. Goodness knows what he would do in London at that time now if he could not get out to the White City. Tex wears a twenty-five gallon hat by day, and high boots with his dinner jacket at night. He has twice been so unfortunate as to come into contact with the English law—in 1924 and last week. He is a friend of Lord Lonsdale, with whom he has frequently stayed; of Will Rogers, and, indeed, of every celebrity in the United States and Canada, where his long-horned steer tie-pin is known from one end of the continent to the other.

This year, despite the absence of steer-wrestling, he has brought over the best rodeo ever collected. And if you want to get him sore all you have to do is to suggest that there is any cruelty in the performance. Tex is a straightforward giant, who would never do anything puny—or like anyone puny, if it comes to that. He has the proper pride of the big man, together with his generosity, impatience and honesty.

Good luck, Tex!

Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Perils of Publicity

Sketches by Rouson

Maudie Hesseltine (Helen Haye), the world's champion sponger and acid commentator, everywhere an eternally unwelcome guest

"Meeting at Night" (Globe)

I BELIEVE that Margery Sharp, author of *Meeting at Night*, is a novelist, and she has therefore dared greatly in constructing and writing a play out of her own head without expert assistance. Truth to tell, I think it would have been better had she collaborated, because, like many novelists, she has not realised that what may be effective in a book can be almost inept upon the stage.

When Miss Sharp adopts the rôle of dramatist she follows in the footsteps of a distinguished, but singularly unsuccessful, company. Only Somerset Maugham can be ranked on a high plane—a very high one—as playwright, novelist, and I 'll throw in short-story writer as well. Arnold Bennett, when without a collaborator, was merely undistinguished second-class. Kipling has never written anything for the stage except a one-act play. Barrie? Well, I regard him, first and foremost, as a dramatist, for who remembers him as a novelist nowadays? And, just in case you write in to question my memory, I will add that I have heard of the late Anthony Hope and the present—long may he be so—St. John Ervine.

Time and again Miss Sharp displays her dramatic 'prentice hand, especially in the manner in which she shows her characters making their entrances and exits. Indeed, Miss Helen Haye, when not emitting catty miaows, seemed to spend most of her time in leading away unwanted characters in order that the scéne à deux, of which the author is inordinately fond, should proceed. One of these conversations, between a stunting airman, who has lost his nerve, and his fiancée, with a passion for publicity, occupied far too long a chunk out of the second Act. The scene was well written, but not dramatically written, and between the two there is a great gulf fixed.

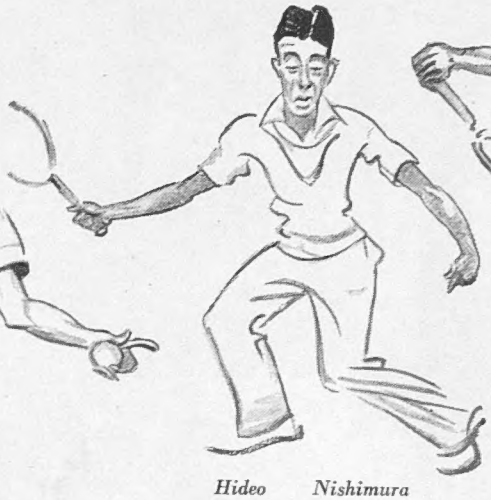
I won't blame Miss Sharp for her collection of gossip-writers, who appeared to hunt in flocks, because no dramatist, male or female, ever seems able to represent the fourth estate with accuracy on the stage; neither does blame attach to no less than six of the cast in failing to give verisimilitude to these characters. Mr. George Curzon, as an old lover of the publicity heroine, can never have had a worse part; May Whitty, as a mother, was not much better off; and Leonora Corbett, who sometimes appeared to be imitating Gladys Cooper, was a satisfactory heroine until made to go all "spring-song-y" in the last Act. Roger Livesey, as the young airman, put up a restrained and clever performance, and I regretted he crashed before Act III. started; a judgment, doubtless, for anticipating the marriage ceremony with his fiancée!

VERNON WOODHOUSE

What our gallant record-breakers have to put up with. An eager Press takes notes while Delia Crowborough (Leonora Corbett) presents Harold Parker (Roger Livesey), her flying lover, with an out-size in mascots, previous to his making an air-trip to Australia

Beckenham Lawn Tennis Tournament (1886—1934)

Left: Miss P. Brazier chopping a backhand shot



Hideo Nishimura played a tired game

R. Miki gave "Bunny" Austin a grand match

J. W. Nuthall, evidently growing up

Left: Mrs. Maurice King, winner of the Kent Ladies All-comers' Championship

Hot weather sartorial effects: F. R. Burrow and H. Roper Barrett

Right: Hon. Secretaries at leisure: C. R. Glanvill, secretary 1900-13, and L. Dawson-Pattisson, secretary from 1913 onwards

Shadow and substance: Miss M. Whitmarsh and Mrs. Howard

"Bunny" Austin, the winner of the Kent All-comers' Championship, in grand form

By H. H. HARRIS

The Winners and Their Cups

Miss Eileen Tweedie (North Berwick) and Mrs. Alec Stuart (Gullane), who defeated Mrs. M. L. Clarke (Hayling) and Mrs. Peploe (North Berwick) by one hole in the final. The winners played from the limit handicap of 30, though their joint handicaps actually totalled 33

The "Bystander"

Well-deserved Victory for a Couple with the "Longest Ever" Handicap : Champions Who Fell by the Way : Many Matches go to the Last Green : North Berwick at its Best

More pictures on pages 569 and 593

Miss G. Loudon (Hamilton) and Miss Herdman (Gullane) and their first-round opponents, Mrs. C. F. Edwards (Kilmacolm) and Mrs. S. Fleming (Troon). Miss Loudon and Miss Herdman won this match, but were knocked out in the fourth round

Miss E. Grant Suttie and her dog, Spy, Mrs. Speir, Mrs. William Johnstone, Miss J. Wyld, Miss Speir and Blinks, and another Miss Speir, discussing the matches

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I SUPPOSE one is always apt to apply the superlative to the latest. At the moment, for instance, I feel inclined to say that the Scottish Foursomes of 1934 have been the most successful of all the eleven, and beyond doubt there have seldom been so many matches to the last green. Probably each year has its own claim to distinction, and this one must go down in history as producing a win for the longest-handicap pair who have ever reached the final. Actually, Mrs. Alec Stuart and Miss Eileen Tweedie totalled 33; they played on the limit of 30, and after a couple of rounds on level terms they received strokes in every other. But let nobody think that they were unworthy winners, lucky, or bad golfers. Miss Tweedie is a six-handicap who would, if I am not mistaken, quite often give a severe fright, if not a beating, to players with half that allowance; a better putter it would be very hard to imagine, although that momentous pause at the top of the up-swing almost makes your heart stop beating, for fear that she is never going to come down again to the ball. There is something about her golf that reminds me of Miss Barbara Daniell, perhaps the patent fact that she has been splendidly taught. If the fine, free, careless rapture of some young golfers is absent, she obviously knows what she means to do, and how; and, to come back to it, I have seldom seen anybody more consistently leave her partner nothing to do in the matter of holing out, nor more resolute in the doing of that herself. Mrs. Stuart—so said some—is ridiculously over-handicapped at 27. Seeing that she and Miss Tweedie were taken to the last green several times, it seems a little extreme to say that, but certainly she hits the ball very well and truly, and kept her head in a fashion that belied the allowance. If she had the chance and the wish to play much—and as a soldier's wife just back from India, she has neither—it must surely come down, for her temperament is obviously perfect.

As for the runners-up, everybody knows that Mrs. M. L. Clarke, the Hampshire Champion, hits the ball a long way. But, in addition, at North Berwick she showed herself an absolute rock of steadiness in every department, and in high pitching and courageous putting reminded me of nobody so much as that big hitter of a decade ago, Mrs. Cautley. No wonder she inspired Mrs. Peploe with confidence, so that she, too, putted supremely well, and did most of the rest very steadily too. Of the semi-finalists, Miss Jessie Anderson, the Girl Champion, and her elder sister completely captured the fancy of the crowd. Your large and assumedly hard-headed Scotsman is more often a sentimentalist than he would care to admit, and the sight of two very small golfers, one of them palpitating with nerves, battling with large opponents, was quite enough to arouse all his sympathies, particularly when one of the little ones swung a club so perfectly as Miss Jessie. On the last green in the semi-final, Mrs. Stuart, who could give a foot in height to either of the Misses Anderson, asked if she had two for the half. It was a right and proper question to ask, but to a braw Scot spectator it was an offence. "She as big as all that, and she can't even count; never did I hear anything so unsporting." That was how jealously the crowd championed the Misses Anderson. Miss Jessie played many lovely shots, and kept entirely unruffled, whatever depths were plumbed: the way Miss Isa kept her nerves under, only vowing inwardly that not another open competition would she play in all her life, was an education. As for Miss Miller and Miss Robertson Durham, who had been runners-up two years ago, they also were spoken of as much over-handicapped, only to prove the reverse when things went wrong for them against Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Peploe.

ONE general word before dealing with each day. There is an atmosphere about North Berwick which is entirely delightful; I can understand now why crowds come there every summer, and go on coming. Each day there the blue waters of the Forth get you more completely in their hold. And the hospitality makes you believe that the place positively likes an invasion of Foursomes. Add to that, the kindness of members, such as Captain Pelham Burn, who refereed the final, or Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple, who gave away the prizes, and the general welcome from every inhabitant, and you can well believe that we have enjoyed ourselves here.

AND now to details. The second day's play saw a good many falls of the mighty. Mrs. Walter Greenlees and Miss Rabbidge went out early to Mrs. Peel—who plays for Surrey—and her mother, Mrs. Thomas, and about that time these began to be looked upon as likely winners. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Walker—previous winners of these Foursomes—were beaten by Mrs. Alec Bowhill and Mrs. Rome. During the afternoon Mrs. J. B. Watson and Mrs. Wallace Williamson fell in the attempt to give five strokes to Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Peploe, and the fine New Zealand couple, Miss Kay and Miss Gaisford, similarly failed to give eight strokes to the Andersons. Meanwhile,

Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick

(11th Year)

The Last Three Days : By Eleanor E. Helme

Mrs. Stuart and Miss Tweedie had put out, level, an Australian pair, the Misses Scott, by 7 and 5, and Mrs. Mercer and Mrs. Sharpe, who had to give them 8, by 2 and 1.

The next morning Mrs. Peel and Mrs. Thomas won a desperate nineteenth-holer from Miss Grant-Suttie and her sister, Mrs. Johnstone. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Peploe had one of their best efforts in beating Miss M. J. Couper and Mrs. Coats, who gave them five, 2 and 1. Mrs. Stuart and Miss Tweedie had three strokes and won by 6 and 5 from Mrs. Cowie and Miss Sherriff, following that up in the afternoon by beating Mrs. Bowhill and Mrs. Rome, with the aid of eight strokes, 3 and 2. Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Young, from Essex, a fancied couple till then, cracked to Miss Scott and Miss Orr. After lunch Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Peel went out to Miss Miller's side, Mrs. Clarke's beat Miss Scott and Miss Orr, the Andersons weathered the storm against Mrs. Sellars and Mrs. Wood, who were up on them for a goodly part of the round.

In the top semi-final next morning Mrs. Clarke's side was soon 3 up on Miss Miller and Miss Robertson-Durham, square by the end of the tenth, and then came again with great courage to win by 2 and 1, taking those homeward holes in level fours. With no helping wind—the day was dead still and heavy with hint of thunder—that was great golf for a pair handicapped at 13. In the other match, the hard-hearted stone wall had a good deal to do with the matter before Miss Tweedie's side got home on the last green from the Andersons, who fought gamely to the last.

THE feature of the final was the really impressive way Mrs. Stuart and Miss Tweedie played the short holes. They had a 3 at every one of them, and so, though none of the six strokes came there, halved two, won one, and lost one. That was perhaps the deciding factor, together with the temporary breakdown in the middle stages of Mrs. Peploe's usually perfect putting. Mrs. Clarke holed a good putt to win the ninth and turn 1 up, but Miss Tweedie's fine tee-shot to the tenth squared the match, and her side never allowed the opposition to get up again. Her local knowledge in driving well to the left at the last hole finished as good a final as might be wished.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Right : Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Butters, Miss Garrett, Mrs. Millar, Mrs. Wallace-Williams, and Mrs. J. B. Watson waiting to start their second-round battles

Below : Miss Alison Hopwood and Miss Helen Skene (St. Rule), a pair who were beaten in the fourth round

Above : Miss Jessie Anderson, the Girl Champion, and her elder sister, Miss Isa Anderson, were a popular semi-finalist pair

Left : Mrs. Holm, British Lady Champion, Miss Jean McCulloch, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Mrs. Walter Greenlees, Mrs. A. Hudson, Miss Rhona Rabbidge and Mrs. Gull

Silver Somme Filly (left) Coming Up to Win at Gatwick

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WHEN I wrote that Larwood would be certain to play in the second Test Match, I did not bargain for his surprising outburst against the M.C.C. and the Australian skipper, W. M. Woodfull. The Notts fast bowler has burnt his boats right enough, so far as international cricket is concerned. Yet it was only three days before he made his unfortunate—and ill-timed—statement that he was reported to have said: "If I am invited to play for England, I will do so." Now, what's to be made of it all? Frankly, I am puzzled. Is Larwood justified in his bitter attack? Certainly he has some sympathetic supporters—believe me, his treatment by Australian barrackers was deplorable—but, viewed rightly, his protest is ill-founded. After all, Larwood's argument that he would not be given a free hand in the Tests seems pretty weak. No cricketer has yet gone into a match with a free hand. Every man of us, whether playing on the village green or on the sterner fields of Test cricket, has had to knuckle down to our skipper. If not, then why have a captain?

Let me say, too, that had Larwood figured in the second Test he would not have been the first England player to have bowled to orders. I seem to remember that Maurice Tate, even when at the peak of his career, had his field set for him by A. E. R. Gilligan. And 'way back in the days when W. G. Grace delighted the hearts of our fathers, the "Old Man" invariably gave his bowlers instructions—an example followed, I believe, by Lord Harris when he was skipper of Kent.

APART from the Larwood typhoon, British sport generally has been going through some pretty heavy weather. That is, of course, metaphorically and not meteorologically speaking! The outlook seemed promising—didn't some of us forecast a record sport season for Britain, with all the "pots" worth hunting finding homes in the cupboards of our own particular stars? Then the first dark cloud loomed up over the western horizon. America's amateur golfers came over here and Britain was caught in a Walker Cup whirlwind.

Well, that was that, and we comforted ourselves in the thought that we might manage to weather the storm in the Amateur Golf Open. We would have done so, too, but for the thunder-bolts of Lawson Little in that memorable Prestwick final. Lawson Little out-Bobbied Bobby Jones. . . . and

Mr. C. D. Peachey, who played for the 7th Hussars Subalterns, the winners of the Subsidiary Spring Tournament at Stoke D'Abernon, when they beat the Hermits by 4½ to 3, talking to Miss Selwyn. Miss Berley and Lady Barker, who presented the cups

Kilmartin—A Women's Polo Team in Ireland *Poole, Dublin*

Polo is becoming more and more the huntin' woman's summer amusement. The Kilmartin team, which has just been formed in Co. Meath, is Ireland's latest. Mrs. Stanwell Slocock, whose husband is the crack Irish player, is the captain; Miss Monica Fleming; Miss Winifred Finn; and Miss Beryl Sessions, who is engaged to Mr. Lyn Carr Lett, racehorse owner and Meath follower, are the other three members who appear above in the order named

Top, left: Miss I. Scott and Miss A. Scott (Commonwealth, Australia), who were beaten in the second round

Top, right: Miss E. Hitchman (Dunbar) and Miss M'Ewan (Victoria, Australia) who failed in their first round

Our Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick

Miss A. Holmes (Crews Hill), Miss E. Young (Chigwell), Miss S. D. Scott and Miss E. R. K. Orr (St. Rule) resting at the fourteenth during the fourth round. Miss Scott and Miss Orr won this match, but were afterwards defeated by Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Peploe (runners-up) in the fifth round

another trophy took a trip across the Atlantic.

MEANWHILE, there was a flash of summer lightning in the French lawn tennis Championships in Paris. Pat Hughes and C. E. Hare tumbled to defeat; and Fred Perry went limping after them with a twisted ankle, which may—or may not—stand the strain of the Wimbledon fortnight now on us.

Still, sunshine did break through in Paris, with Peggy Scriven retaining the women's singles title at the expense of the other Helen of America, Miss Jacobs. Having seen this flash of sunlight, I, for one, looked for blue skies in the Wightman Cup. Instead, we got a blizzard. Dorothy Round was snowed under and our other girls were very much orphans of the storm. So there we were with another Wightman Cup match going against us.

BEFORE that, of course, was the "Australian" buster at Trent Bridge, plus a bogey man in Grimmett. What a great little fellow is this house-painter from "down under." And to think that until he was thirty—a veteran age in these days of high-speed sport—he never got nearer a Test Match than a place with the crowd on the famous "Hill" at Sydney. Maybe Grimmett's magic hand hasn't worked this time; though with the fourth day of the second Test on us, you can decide that for yourse f.

LET 's get back to Wimbledon. What a e our chances this week and next? Will the heat wave and the laughing skies and all the glad days of June extend to our tennis stars? Or will the storms and stress of Paris and the Wightman Cup come sweeping on—and over—Britain again? I think we have a chance in the men's singles. And Au tin is my man. "Bunny" showed us at Beckenham how formidable he is on a grass court this summer. To beat J. Yamagishi, the Japanese Davis Cup player, for the loss of only three games, is good going. This Yamagishi can produce fireworks at times; but against Austin he wasn't much more than a damp squib.

By the way, I advise those of you who are Wimbledon-bound to keep an eye on the Japanese contingent. One man especially worth watching is Fujikura. This frailly-built, brown-skinned player is as neat a craftsman as you 'll find in a day's march. His work is as finished as a bit of Japanese lacquer. Mind you, I.'m not saying that Fujikura is going to set Wimbledon blazing; but those who see something beyond the mere winning of matches will find infinite delight in his compact style.

WELL, having given Austin as my man for the title, let 's try and find a probable women's champion. A difficult business this: though, on the face of it, I cannot see anyone beating Helen Jacobs if she plays anywhere near her Wightman Cup form. This rather serious young woman—serious, at least, when on court—seems to be taking on the mantle of Helen Wills-Moody. And very snugly it fits her, too.

Miss Jacobs' form has improved vastly since her last Wimbledon visit. Her service speed is terrific, and her ground shots seem to come easier to her. So there we are. Miss Jacobs has all the hall-marks of a champion. Is there anyone to beat her? Well, our main hope seems to be Dorothy Round; but I have been set wondering lately whether she is reproducing quite the form she did when she gave Helen Wills-Moody a terrific fight—and very nearly a beating.

AND now to boxing. First, there is Maximilian Baer, the film-star fighter with the passion for wise-cracks. As I predicted, Baer tumbled Primo Carnera, to win the world's heavy-weight title. This American is certainly the most picturesque title-holder in the history of modern prize-fighting. His quips at the expense of poor Primo must have made him a "bug-Baer" to the Italian! But with all his ballyhoo and boasting, Baer is a champion in the tradition. After all, Carnera had only been floored twice before he met Baer; then he bounced on and off the canvas ten times.

Carnera, I suppose, must be the world's unluckiest fighting man. That is, financially. Right from the start of his career he has had writs hanging to him like burrs on a chestnut-tree. He has made more than one fortune, only to see his money swirl away, like leaves in the autumn wind. He is now looking around for lucrative contests. It has even been suggested that he should meet our own Jack Petersen. This, of course, is absurd: highly as I rank Petersen (among our own men), I tremble for him in the prospect of a fight with the Italian man-mountain. First let us see what the young Welshman can do against Larry Gains, before he is put to tackle a man nearly seven stones superior in weight.

An Earlier Championship Date?

By F. G. L. Fairlie

G. Illingworth and J. H. S. Cannon (Sports), who beat the Oxford and Cambridge Club by one hole in the annual Inter-Club Foursomes for the Bath Club Cup, played at Sunningdale

To me, personally, golf at this time of the year seems to be a very over-rated amusement, excepting for the purpose of working up sufficient heat in order to bathe. From now on, the courses nearly everywhere (except in particularly wet summers, which we seem to have forgotten all about) are at their worst, for the ground is so hard and the greens so brown that balls are apt to bound in any direction, and also to travel distances out of all keeping with the player's skill. The result of this condition is that one may play a perfectly good round, in the sense that every ball is hit well off the middle of the club, and yet find oneself finally totalling a very bad score, because of the unkind bumps and bounds which the ball has taken; or one may play an equally good round and find oneself having broken the record of the course with consummate ease. In neither case was the result deserved.

Course architects must necessarily make a golf-course of just that length which will be right when the conditions are normal. This length is, of course, absurd when the ground is like iron, and even the longest holes are only just out of reach from the tee. In fact, golf is a different game altogether . . . it might almost be described as a game of chance and not of skill, and to me it is not in the least surprising that many players put away their clubs just about this time of year and refuse even to look at them again until the autumn is well advanced. Some golfers, however, find themselves unable to do this—and in particular I am referring to professionals who, owing to the financial gains resulting from doing well in the Open Championship, are compelled to continue playing, no matter how unpleasing or how ungolf-like the courses may be. It is perfectly true that the Open Championship is only played at seaside golf-courses, and as a result there is a very good chance—where there is a good green committee—that the condition of the course is reasonably good. But all the same, any green committee which knows that it has an important event to be played over its greens in the summer months must of necessity go through many anxious days wondering whether the elements will not be too strong for the wiles of the greenkeepers.

GOLF is not a summer game, largely because, in the absence of unlimited water both for *fairways* and for greens, it is not possible to retain golf-courses in their normal condition. There are, of course,

N. A. J. Cohen and Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans (Oxford and Cambridge) have a refresher at the 10th. They lost to the Sports Club pair

Major S. K. Thorburn (Windham) and the Hon. William Brownlow (Turf). Windham triumphed by the comfortable margin of 8 and 6

countries, like America, where these conditions are normal in the summer, and, in fact (as in some parts of the eastern coast of America), where golf is only possible at this time of year, but in these countries the clubs are rich and a tremendous lot of money is spent on adequate protection against the sun. The courses are watered every night and it is not merely the greens which receive this attention, but also the fairways. Anyone who has been to America and played on courses treated in this way knows perfectly well that their condition is simply magnificent and that golf is the greatest of fun even in the hottest weather—particularly as there is always a bathing-pool attached to the golf club-house. But in England we have not as yet grown accustomed to our own being a tropical country, although the necessity for so doing may shortly become only too obvious. With the drought this year the plight of green committees is even worse than it has ever been, and it will say a great deal for all concerned if Sandwich and Deal links are found in good condition for the Championship.

WHEN you read these words the qualifying stages of the Championship will already have started, and there may be some startlingly low scores, although, again, the very fact of the course being so hard and therefore unreliable may have the reverse effect, as it did at St. Andrews last year. But I cannot help subscribing to the view of many who write about the game and who are of the opinion that July is much too late a time of year in which to hold our national championships. As for the orgy of so-called international golf promoted by the Unions, which takes place in August—well, as I have before frequently pointed out on this page, the whole thing is childish. There seems no real reason why we should not hold our championships by the middle of May at the very latest, for the days are quite long enough and the weather warm, and I know that it would be a most popular move on the part of the authorities if such an alteration in time were made. Most of the competitors, no matter how well they may be playing, fear that owing to the unavoidable condition of hardness of the course bad luck may rob them of the just reward of their play.

The Open Championship this year is not perhaps quite as interesting as usual in that not very many of our expert American friends are coming over, and at first glance it would seem that there is a very good chance of the American monopoly of the British Open Championship ceasing, for this one year, at any rate. We have Alfred Padgham playing at the very top of his form at the moment; we have Henry Cotton vigorously preparing himself for the great test; and we have a new British hope, in S. F. Brews, of South Africa, who, judging by his very consistent performances in the professional tournaments in which he has played since his arrival in this country, must have a very good chance indeed of winning the title. Of the foreigners competing, we have quite a few from France and Spain, but I do not think that we need consider these very seriously as possible winners. We have Gene Sarazen coming over again, and he, of course, is very likely to win at any time. And I am told that Densmore Shute is also coming over to defend the title which he won so worthily at St. Andrews last year. These two stand a very good chance of winning, in spite of Padgham, Cotton and Brews, but to me it is a little disappointing that we have not a whole galaxy of American stars who might be beaten by one of our British representatives, for I think that the three I have named are now definitely playing as good golf as they are capable of, and it would be encouraging for them to win in face of the full American attack.

However, here's all good luck to them. If any one of them should win it will be a great performance, few Americans or many.

Sports of All Sorts

Flying, Cricket, and a Spot of Golf

Above: Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Snagge, two visitors at the Royal Air Force Flying Club's Annual Display at Hatfield

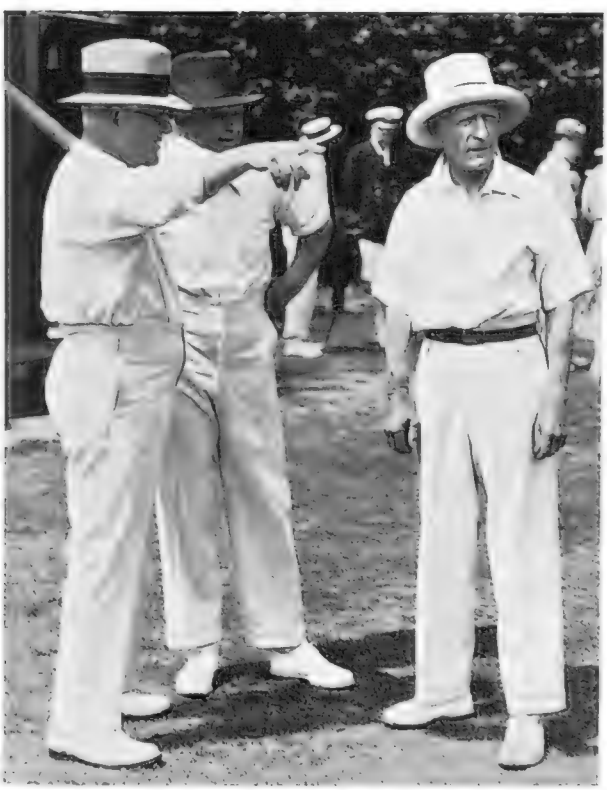
Right: Sir John Child (Household Brigade) and Mr. W. A. White-Thompson (R.F.), who played in the Royal Fusiliers v. Household Brigade cricket match at Hounslow Barracks

Military Cricketers

Watching the Flying at Hatfield Aerodrome

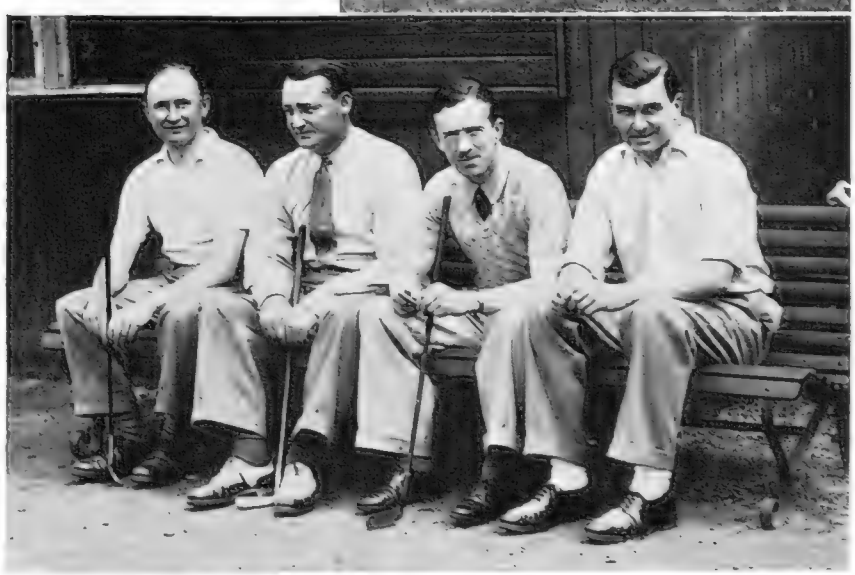
Above: Commander Perrin (left), Captain Hellard and Mrs. Hellard, two more visitors at the Royal Air Force Flying Club's Display

Right: W. L. Steele and P. D. Miller, who played for the Guards Club in the Inter-Club Golf Foursomes at Sunningdale



An Annual Event at Pangbourne

Rear-Admiral C. la P. Lewin (Capt.), Admiral Tomkinson and Vice-Admiral H. K. Kitson, played in the Admirals v. Cadets match at the Nautical College, Pangbourne



The Fight for the Bath Club Cup Between the Clubs

W. M. Mitchell and T. D. McGuffie (New University), with their opponents, Dr. H. Gardner-Hill and H. J. T. Neilson (United University), in the Inter-Club Golf Foursomes at Sunningdale. The latter pair were victorious by 4 and 3

Will We Win at Wimbledon?

By K. C. Gandar Dower

F. J. Perry, the English player who ranks only second to J. H. Crawford in the world's first ten. His record in Davis Cup matches is better than his Championship efforts, but it is to be hoped that 1934 will be "Perry's year" at Wimbledon. It is about due

IN Paris during the French Championships I took three taxis on three successive days, and none of the drivers knew the way to the Stade Roland Garros. At first I wrongly thought it must be my accent, for in England you can almost find your way to "Wimbledon" by following the traffic blocks. But the truth is that though most countries play lawn tennis well these days, none ever goes quite so lawn tennis mad as does England during the Wimbledon fortnight.

This year England should go madder still, because, for the first time for years, we have a real chance of carrying off one or both of the singles titles, and because it is less easy to "spot the winners" than it has been for a decade.

TIME was when the crowds flocked only to see bright, particular stars: they came to watch Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills and hope quite friendlily (and vainly) that they would lose, because We British Always Like to See the Underdog Do Well (or, to put it more simply, we love a sensation at all costs). Similarly, the winner of the Men's Title was inevitably Tilden, Borotra, Cochet or Lacoste.

In those days we rather used to pray eight Englishmen might draw each other, in which case we would have a representative in the fourth round, but this year we probably start favourites for the title. No nation can put in the field two finer players than Austin and Perry. Perhaps Crawford is still the best individual amateur in the world, though there is a nervous strain in his manner this year that was not there before. His behaviour is absolutely sporting, but he twiddles his racket and brushes his hand through his hair and gives sign after sign that his whole system is crying out to be allowed to rest from tennis, tennis, tennis. But if Crawford obliges by beating the rest of the world, we have, in Perry, a Crawford-beater, just as Cochet was once a Tilden-beater, and just as, for that matter, de Stefani, on hard courts, is still a Perry-beater. And Perry *should* be able to beat the others—he has all the strokes, a fast service, fine attacking drives, supplemented by first-class volleying, a much improved match temperament and, greatest asset of all, a now completely justified self-confidence. We must hope that his ankle, damaged in Paris, will be fully recovered by Wimbledon.

In Austin we have not merely a splendid second string to Perry but, for Wimbledon and Davis Cup purposes, an equal first. Unlike Perry, he does not thrive on constant play: he prefers to train up specially for a big tournament or match. At Wimbledon he has actually the better record of the two. Two rather absurd assumptions are current to-day. One is that if a player's name has been in the papers for more than five years he must be a veteran: the other is that players are necessarily worse after thirty than before. Austin is only twenty-seven now; every year he gets stronger and better. He will, I repeat, eventually win Wimbledon, even if it takes him another seven years to do it. 1934 may be his year.

Dorothy Round ranked third in the world's first ten in 1933. She was unplaced in previous years

J. H. Crawford, Australia's best and world's best in 1933; an artist as well as a player, he possesses an ideal temperament and every stroke in the game

H. W. Austin, considered by some to be England's best player. His classic stroke-equipment recalls the delicious Doherty flavour of thirty years ago

Caroline Babcock, one of the American Wightman Cup Team, photographing an incident at Wimbledon

I CONSIDER Crawford to be the only Australian with a real chance of winning the title. Quist is a good player, and McGrath may gain a couple of flashing victories, but he has also a tendency to get beaten unexpectedly, which should put him out of the hunt. The Japanese team of Fujikura, Nishimura, Yamagishi and Miki are all good, but not good enough to fill Jiro Satoh's place. Similarly Kirby, of South Africa, de Stefani, of Italy, Hecht and Menzel, of Czecho-Slovakia, and Prenn, of Germany, cannot quite be regarded as potential Wimbledon Champions.

Two players can, however—Boussus, of France, and Von Cramm, of Germany. Too long overshadowed by Borotra, Cochet, Lacoste and Brugnon, Boussus has at last become the really fine player he was always about to be. He has recently beaten both Perry and Austin, and he only just lost to Crawford in Paris and at Bournemouth, on both occasions because he thought he ought to. Von Cramm is very pleasing both in his game and his personality. With victories over Crawford in the French Championships and Boussus in the Davis Cup, he becomes a very serious challenger for the Championship, though I do not think he is likely to be quite so good on grass as he is on hard courts.

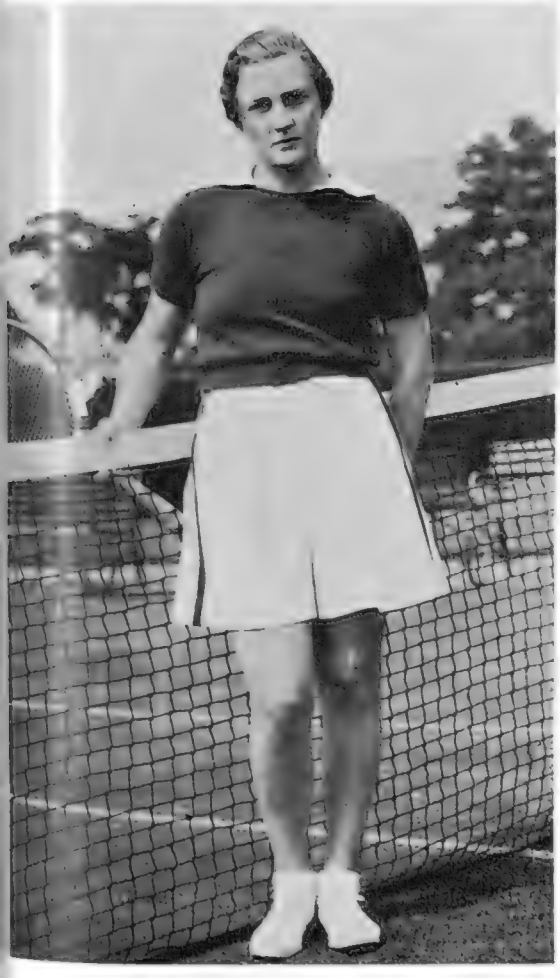
IT is not easy yet to tell how strong the Americans will be. Americans always look to be unbelievably good until they start getting beaten Shields has done excellently in England before now, but he seems to have gone off a little and his game, though severe, is a trifle unsound. Stoefen has improved since last year—how much we do not know; certainly he has now joined the other twenty-five Americans, each of whom possesses beyond doubt the very fastest service in the world. And Wood, the apt-to-be-ignored Champion of 1931, would not surprise me at all if he won the title again this year without anybody noticing it much.

THE form of girls always seems to fluctuate more wildly than that of men and, in the absence of Helen Wills, any one of many may win the Women's Title. There are some good players in the American Wightman Cup team, but none, apart from Miss Jacobs, seem to be quite the class. Miss Jacobs must deservedly start favourite, by virtue not only of beating Mrs. Moody, but also of her previous performances at Wimbledon. We have not forgotten her powerful chops and deadly volleying.

Of the French, Madame Matthieu has often enough proved a thorn in British sides—she possesses just that combination of power and astuteness that our girls so sadly lack. And Fraulein Krahwinkel, of Germany, now Mrs. Sperling, of Denmark, is no more likely to lose because her style is ungraceful than she is of necessity a mere retriever because she can run for ever when it suits her book to do so. Fraulein Aussem returns to Wimbledon this year, but she is not said to be quite in her old form yet.

IF Helen Jacobs does not win I think the Champion will be a British girl. We have such a host of talent. Miss Round possesses an all-court game which is at once neat, graceful, steady and severe. Miss Scriven is almost, if not quite, as good. Once again she has won in Paris, this time beating Helen Jacobs. Miss Betty Nuthall is probably our third best girl, but, until someone persuades her to learn to retrieve and play drop shots as well as just hitting the ball very hard and accurately into the obvious opening, she will never become a world-beater. Mrs. King, if her elbow is better, should go a long way behind that forehand drive of hers, and Miss Stammers' almighty left-hand wallop has, times without number, got her safely out of messes once it has got her into them. All these and many others are capable of beating serious foreign rivals, although they are unlikely to win the crown themselves.

WHAT, then, have we to look forward to during the Wimbledon fortnight? Record attendances, a thrilling meeting, with the issue in doubt up to the very end; quite possibly, though not probably, an English Champion in both the Singles Events, and the complete confounding of these ever-to-be-forgotten prophecies.



Helen Jacobs, the best woman player in the world now that Mrs. Wills Moody has retired. A Californian, with an individual style, she always gives of her best on the perfect courts of Wimbledon

Hideo Nishimura and K. C. Gandar Dower

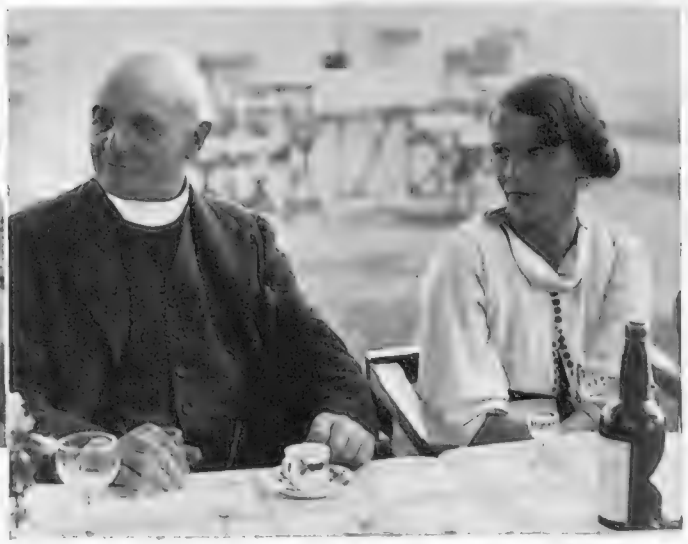
S. B. Wood, America's "Boy Wonder," who was Champion in 1931. He may be regarded as the dark horse of this year's Championships

Left: Hideo Nishimura, Champion of Japan, and one of the Davis Cup team, and K. C. Gandar Dower, the author of this article, to whom no ball game seems to come amiss. He also is an aviator of renown. These two met in the Hard Court Championships, when the Englishman won

"I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir"

Celebrations at the Hind's Head in Honour of England's Most Famous Turn-Coat

Above: the Marquess of Milford Haven and Madeleine Carroll (Mrs. Philip Astley) were at Barry Neame's lunch after the unveiling of the "Vicar of Bray" panel at the Hind's Head Hotel



The Rev. Canon Jones, the present Vicar of Bray, and Mrs. Lee Guinness, at the open-air luncheon. In his speech the Vicar settled the controversy as to Bray, Ireland, or Bray, Berkshire, being the parish of the famous clergyman, by pointing out that Bray, Ireland, has always had a rector, and not a vicar. The date question is explained on the panel

Left: the panel itself, which was unveiled by Lady Milford Haven, is dedicated to "our English-speaking cousins from across the Seas, and in particular to Robert W. ('Rob') Davis, of the 'New York Sun'"

Above: Miss Sara Sample and Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., were two more guests

Left: the Marchioness of Milford Haven having lunch after she had done the unveiling, and Mr. Barry Neame, plus cigar

Mrs. Cecil Pim was there too, and like most of the women at the party, was hatless for lunch

BARRY NEAME, whose middle name is "Mine Host," set out one of his famous spreads in the garden of his hotel, the Hind's Head, at Bray, after the unveiling of the tablet to the late and celebrated Vicar of Bray. There were some amusing speeches made after the lunch, in one of which Barry Neame was described as "the Harry Preston of the River." He certainly has the art of bringing good food, good wine and good company to the same table. And since entertaining is his major passion, the unveiling of a tablet to a long-dead ecclesiastic is as fair an excuse as any other for a party

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Political News

THE main activity at St. Stephens during the last week or so has been the Bill which prohibits the catching of whales in British waters. (Don't laugh; we didn't make that up. It 's perfectly true.) We ourselves regard this Bill as another example of the monstrous way in which the Liberty of the Individual is being attacked every day. We aren't allowed to buy a drink after ten o'clock, and we aren't allowed to punch policemen on the nose, and now we aren't to be allowed to fish for whales within the three-mile limit. It really is a bit thick. Here we are, writing this paragraph on the banks of Barking Creek, and there 's a whacking great whale which keeps on rising not a dozen yards away. And we mayn't joint up our harpoon and have a shot at it. Really, we don't know what the country is coming to. A week ago we would have got that whale and it would be stuffed by this time and hanging over the mantelpiece in the billiard-room, between the two sharks that we lost our tempers with that time at Yarmouth in 1894.

Cricket-Pictures

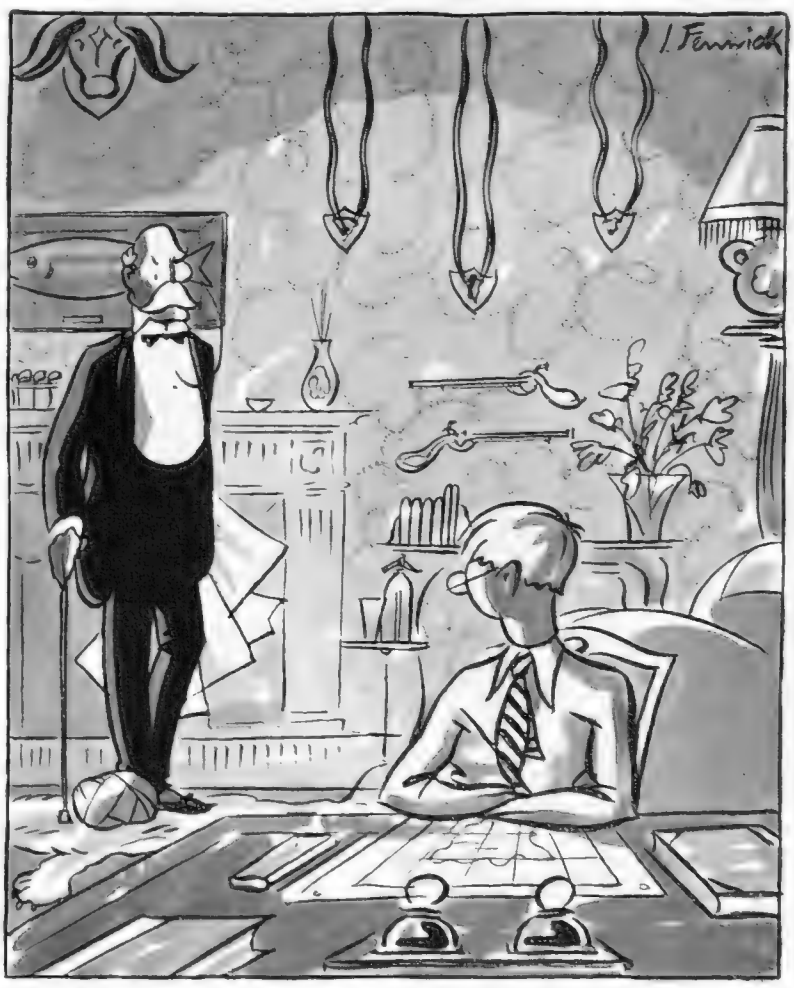
WE sent our Art Critic the other day to look at the collection of cricket-pictures which Sir Jeremiah Colman has lent to the Tate Gallery. These pictures were providentially saved from the disastrous fire at Gatton Park. Our critic—a man of exceptional judgment and of such incorruptible integrity that it is useless to attempt to bribe him with anything less than half-a-crown — reports that the pictures are quite charming. There are several of the Oval, a very different place from the gloomy Gasometric (a new word) ground that it is to-day. One thing which especially struck our man was the way in which these old chaps used to place their field. Almost every fieldsman was on the off-side, which shows that cricket must have been a vastly pleasanter game to watch in those days. One full-blooded drive through the covers, with the left leg flung across at the ball, is worth fifty of these modern push-shots "round the corner," with the batsman standing in front of the wicket and facing the bowler.

The Water-Bus at Last

MR. A. P. HERBERT seems to have won another of his extraordinary battles against stupidity, for the L.C.C. has suddenly swung round in favour of his scheme for water-buses on the Thames. Mr. Herbert has been advocating this for years, but it was far too sensible an idea to percolate into the massive brains of our rulers in anything less than ten years. Now at last the mammoth intellects have noticed that there is quite a lot of traffic on the London streets, and that there is a river running right through London, and that boats can be built that will float, and so on, and so on. There used to be a service of boats on the river, years ago, but it was stopped as soon as the Municipal Reform Party came into power. That, pretty ones, is the sort of thing that is meant by Reform.

Great Showman

OPINION is sometimes sharply divided on the question whether our Regular Army (stand to attention, there, dammit, while we are talking about the boys that go about in fur walking-out hats and tin chest-protectors) is, or is not, expert at soldiering. But everyone agrees that the regular soldier is a superb showman. Year after year he proves this by his Aldershot Tattoo. As a showman, your modern major-general has got nothing to learn from Cochran or Coward or Rheinhardt or any of them. This time one of the central scenes was the siege of Namur by the British in the year —oh, well, go and look it up yourselves if you want to know as badly as all that. How thrilled Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim would have been to see their old exploits acted again. It was at that very siege of Namur that Toby got his wound. Trim was hit in the knee at Landen two years before. An immortal pair. Well, that 's all this week about the Regular Army. (Stand at ease! Stand easy!)



"Pop is Poona the capital of India?"

Wit in a Headline

HOW seldom does one ever see a really witty head-line in any of our public sheets? Mr. Falk in his book on

Fleet Street said that the wittiest one he ever saw was in the *Star*. The paragraph was about a deaf man who was claiming exemption from military service during the war. The military representative objected, and said that there might be deaf battalions, just as there were bantam battalions. The *Star* headed this: "Deaf or Glory Boys. Ear-Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?" It was with a monstrous whoop of delight, therefore, that we pounced upon the head-line in the *Observer*: "A Plague on both your Blouses." Isn't that beautiful? If only we had said it ourselves. Why didn't we say it ourselves? Oh, dash it!

Thinker's Corner

TALKING of head-lines, no sooner had we written that last delicious paragraph for your delectation, than we picked up another public print and read, "The Sage splits a pastern." This puzzled us a good deal. The only recognised Sages in this country are Professor Gilbert Murray and Bernard Shaw. Which of them was it? And what is a pastern? We thought we knew all the liquid measures, for in our day we have split pretty nearly everything from a noggin to a jeroboam. But pastern has got us down. However, we've put it into our note-book and, the next time we meet either of those famous men, we are going to take our courage in both hands and say, with that perfect blend of respect and courtesy for which we are so justly famed, "Say, Sage, will you do us the honour of splitting a pastern with us?" (What's that? The Sage is the name of a race-horse? And a pastern is a bit of a horse? Oh, Lord, that means this paragraph will have to come out. And that means extra work for the Syndicate. No, dash it. Let it stay in. Nobody will notice.)

The S.H.S.

WE are told by one of our private spies—we maintain what is technically known as a "veritable network" of spies—that the inaugural dinner of the new Sherlock Holmes Society was an enormous success. It was held, of course, in a restaurant in Baker Street, and two of the members arrived in a hansom cab. The Rev. "Dick" Sheppard was in the chair, and speeches were made. One speech, by an eminent surgeon, took the form of an imaginary letter from Dr. Watson, and a famous R.A. discussed Sherlock's views on art.

"You are sitting in my chair!"

Bad Technique

WE are bitterly disappointed at the miserable lack of artistry shown by the gangster group in the Chicago primary elections. This group of eminent citizens were running their own candidates in many of the wards, and their simple eloquence, consisting of the plain appeal to the heart of the voters in the words "Stick 'em up!" was gaining ground every day. As a result, they won many seats. Indeed, they were often unopposed, the rival candidates having found it convenient to withdraw from the contest. But in one ward they ruined their reputation for artistry and, what is more, forfeited our esteem and respect. For when the votes were counted, it was found that the winning candidate had secured nine more than the total number on the register.

The New Art of Victory

MR. MAX BAER, the new Heavyweight Champion of the World, has started an admirable new fashion in the sporting arena. His wise-cracks before the fight against Carnera, his splendid flow of insults, his taunts during the actual fight, and his jig-dancing are ideas that ought to be copied in other sports. Mr. Perry, for instance, might well refer to any opponents at Wimbledon who come from Continental countries as "lousy garlic-snappers," and ought to burst into loud laughter whenever they net the ball and lose a point. And our Walker Cup team would have done vastly better if they had danced about on the green while the Americans were putting and trilled little snatches of song from time to time. We do

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 4.—Repton

The Repton tie is bluey-green
And barred with stripes of golden sheen—
It 's not forgotten when once seen !

REPTON always makes me think
Of subjects closely linked to drink ;
Though not, of course, because the boys
Enjoy illicit Bacchic joys.
But more because their days are spent
Close to the Burton that 's on Trent,
And Repton's founder, I now ought
To mention, bore the surname Port.

The buildings of the school possess
A lot of charm, but I confess
The Paddock, as the Quad is called,
Would hold the æsthete more enthralled
Were some incendiary to raze
The Science Building, which the gaze
Of mortal man offends so much—
It 's like a Bolshie rabbit-hutch.

Though Savile Row would boggle at
A tail-coat paired with a straw hat,
At Repton, such a dress is law,
So " bozers " in their speckled straw
And " teamers " who affect the kit,
Are all considered simply " it,"
For Repton 's loyal to herself—
That 's why she 's never on the shelf.

B. W.

not say that we would have won the Walker Cup by these tactics—that, of course, is quite out of the question in any circumstances—but it might have lessened the violence of the defeat. We ourselves would be quite prepared to challenge Mr. Lindrum to a match at billiards if we were allowed to joggle the butt-end of his cue whenever he was playing a stroke, and we once played a drawn match at chess with a great expert by tipping the board over after the sixth move. We would infallibly have been defeated on the seventh, which just shows how right Mr. Baer is.

More Fun for Pedestrians

THE Minister of Transport is going to push ahead, we hear, with his campaign for brightening the lives of pedestrians in London. The new " ladders " at the crossing-places are already proving a great attraction, although nobody quite understands what they are for. A pony last week mistook them for a five-barred gate and, not being trained to the ordinary practice of the hunting field, he jumped over it instead of looking for a gap in the hedge. And we hear that a young gentleman in full evening-dress was found early one morning trying to climb up one of them. But the Minister's new idea, so we are told, is to paint large snakes at a number of crossings. Pedestrians who find themselves driven by the traffic on to one of these snakes will lose a forfeit and have to go back to where they started from.

Tact

IT was a pleasant little bit of thoughtfulness on the part of Mr. Herbert Morrison, Socialist leader of the L.C.C., to announce, on the anniversary of the opening of the Waterloo campaign, that he intended to destroy the War Memorial that was put up to commemorate the victory. Waterloo Bridge is doomed. Let us hope that if Mr. Morrison decides to push over the Nelson Column and abolish Trafalgar Square, he will announce his decision on October 21st.

Headache for Heralds

IT was a lucky business for Norroy, King-of-Arms and Portcullis Pursuivant and the rest of the boys that they weren't called upon to discuss the strange affair at Sunningdale the other day, when two Earls of Carrick stepped on to the first tee to play in the Parliamentary Handicap. " What ! " you cry loudly but melodiously, " Two Earls of Carrick ? Please refrain from pulling our elegantly-turned legs with such nonsense." Nevertheless, it is a fact. For there is an earldom of Carrick in Ireland, of which the family name is the famous Irish name of Butler. And there is an earldom of Carrick in Scotland, of which the family name is the famous English name of Windsor, and of which the present holder is the Prince of Wales. Now apologise.

THE BYSTANDERS.

" This always happens when someone leaves the pin out "

"When New York Sleeps"

Alice Faye as the blonde gold-digger who lures Golden, the gambler (Spencer Tracey), away from his loving wife (Helen Twelvetrees), in "When New York Sleeps." This film, which is based on Arnold Rothstein's life, was at the Capitol last week

The always attractive Sylvia Sidney has Cary Grant opposite her in "Thirty-Day Princess," a well-acted film with a somewhat banal story, which has been at the Plaza

"Thirty-Day Princess"

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

THERE does not seem to be any particular thematic link between current pictures, but one of the things I find interesting is the result of pairing various stars, "teaming" they call it in America. I have always considered that casting was one of the most important facets of directorial art and I am sure that the success of a number of pictures has been due as much to the sympathetic combination of the principals, and a consequent emotional evocation, as to any intrinsic virtue in the story or treatment. *Seventh Heaven*, in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell founded their screen alliance, is the classic example of this. Sally Eilers and James Dunne, in *Bad Girl*, achieved something of the same kind and certainly much more than they have done since independently. When James Cagney and Joan Blondell are in the same film they confer an added zest to quick-time comedy and drama. An outstandingly successful partnership is that of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in the attractive picture *It Happened One Night*, which, after a successful run at the Tivoli, has gone to the Marble Arch Pavilion. Both stars give performances immeasurably better than anything they have done before.

IT is logical and inevitable that if the opposite player is sympathetic and generous an actor or actress will give a better and more moving rendering of a part. If we apply this theory to some of the new films we find some sort of explanation of the variability of several popular players. Spencer Tracey is an extremely good actor and several of his characterisations are memorable. In the Sing Sing film he made a gangster, even his infantine conceit and imperviousness, lovable and; at moments, admirable. In his last film under Borgage's direction, with Loretta Young, he again redeemed a "tough" character by a suggestion rather than a demonstration of underlying loyalty and generosity. As the gambler (founded on the life-story of the murdered Rothenstein, written by his widow) in *When New York Sleeps*, he seems to me to fail to produce anything commendable or even pitiful in the character of the man who sacrifices everything, including the wife he is supposed to love, to his misplaced belief in luck and his ability to out-trick other crooks. I cannot help wondering whether this is attributable to the fact that Helen Twelvetrees, as the neglected wife, is so palpably repressed, injured and uninspiring. It may be argued that this is good casting and good acting, since the gambler's wife was actually ineffectual in her struggle to keep him from his insane and not too scrupulous adventures. But the whining wife and errant husband never seem to have any bond or underlying passion to make their tragedy effective. They are ill-matched. Tracey, looking heavier and more Hebraic, takes the part lethargically. Even the gambling scenes lack excitement.

THEN there is the combination of Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in *Stingaree* (not yet shown in London). Irene Dunne is essentially a serious actress and consistently brings sincerity to her characterisation of the girl with a voice, living in Australia, bullied and kept in the background by the ex-singer whose accompanist she is, who becomes a great prima donna through the quixotism of a bandit who forces a great musician to hear her sing. But, somehow, all her seriousness and, incidentally, her excellent vocalisation, seems out of place in such a banal and unreal story. Dix as "Stingaree," the bandit who kidnaps the famous musician and then the girl and goes to prison as a result of giving her her chance, does his stuff with guns and galloping horses and wide-brimmed felt hats, but the two performances are incompatible. There is plenty of action, and some excellent scenic effects. The instantaneous success of an operatic star, and her sacrifice of all the fruits of success to return to the outlaw whom she loves is palpably the stuff of which popular drama is composed. Mary Boland supplies comedy and trills as the vain ex-singer.

CARY GRANT has been described as Mae West's favourite leading man, and has recorded that she is his favourite actress; but he seems to find Sylvia Sidney a sympathetic leading lady in *Thirty-Day Princess*. Sylvia Sidney has a unique emotional depth and sincerity which raises even banal parts to a high histrionic level. Will she ever again have another opportunity like that she so brilliantly took in *Street Scene*?

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
C.F.H.

CONSTANCE BENNETT AS "THE GIRL FROM THE MOULIN ROUGE"

Constance Bennett's new film, "Moulin Rouge," is coming to the Leicester Square Theatre next Friday. She plays a double rôle in a somewhat complicated plot about back-stage life and intrigues in a New York theatre, and appears sometimes as herself, Helen, sometimes as Raquel, her rival from the Moulin Rouge, Paris, and sometimes as Helen pretending to be Raquel. Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati play opposite her, and there's some dancing and singing thrown in. Sidney Lanfield was the director

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

THE right of admission to the Royal Enclosure was about the only winner which most of its occupants had found by the end of the first two days on the Royal Heath. However, the meeting showed us that Ascot still remains the greatest social function in the world. The Royal Procession is the most impressive thing of the meeting: foreign visitors especially make it their great moment of the day to watch the King and Queen come down from the Royal Box, after the 4.30 race, and drive through the Enclosure out on to the course, and so back to Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Eldon, and Lord and Lady Erne were of the younger generation in the party at the Castle this year.

For those who attend all four days of the meeting and do not wish to be over-tired, the following programme should be pursued. Arrive on the course about one o'clock, in time to see the Royal Procession, then depart before the first race is run to one of the Club tents, such as Bucks, the Marlborough, or the Cavalry, and take up a good vantage point for luncheon. For after the first race one would wait in a queue for at least half an hour. See the next few races, then retire after the four o'clock to another tent, have tea, see the Royal Procession leave at 4.45, and then depart oneself before the last race. With this general idea in my mind I donned the necessary morning suiting, put a sprig of borage in the buttonhole, and duly sallied forth. But, of course, it is the women's clothes that really matter: one can state that organdie was as well to the fore as usual, as was duck-egg blue, and the number of hats trimmed with buttercups was quite up to the standard of previous years.

Lady Evelyn Patrick, wearing a black marocain and pale blue chiffon cocktail suit, was sketched at her house in South Street. Her husband, Mr. Mark Patrick, is M.P. for Tavistock

Miss Gabrielle Adams is the good-looking daughter of Mrs. Adams, of Melbury Court. She was presented at the Fourth Court by Mrs. William Graham

Mrs. Douglas Faulkner is Lord Andrew Scott's younger daughter, and a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch. She and her husband, who is in the Irish Guards, are two popular racing regulars at the meetings round London, and in Worcestershire

Conversation mostly centred round the Aldershot Tattoo, the polo match between Aurora and the Army, Lady Camrose's dance, the bad vein of luck which Lord Glanely cannot have been enjoying, and the good form of the Aga Khan's horses, which he and Prince Aly certainly were appreciating. Seen talking and walking together at times were the last-named and Thelma Lady Furness, Lord Londesborough and Lady Warrender, Lord Amherst of Hackney and Miss Moya Beresford, Miss Priscilla Weigall and Lord Jersey, Lord Astor and Mr. Gerald Dean, Lord Stavordale and Mrs. Corrigan.

THE opening of the Russian Ballet season at Covent Garden brings out quite a different audience to that which assembles for the opera. Wagnerians are very sincere: ballet-ites are not, although they indulge in a mass of superlatives, and say that everything is "quite the loveliest . . . and, of course, Danilova—like a fairy, my dear." So are some of the speakers. However, among the serious-minded of the audience on the opening night let us include the Brazilian Ambassador, who is probably the best judge of music in London, apart from those who earn their living as such. In the "Ring," not only does he know every note, but every *word*, too. Lady Oxford has always been a lover of the ballet, and was with Lord Hambleden; Mr. Gilbert Miller, Mr. John Sutro, and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop were there. And Mr. Geoffrey Toye presided over a little party in the foyer afterwards, at which

Lord Lurgan was sketched down at Addington, of which golf club he is the popular captain. He is the chairman of the Ritz and Carlton Hotels, and lives at the Carlton

Above: Miss Jeanne Stourton looking pensive at Quaglino's. She was lunching there with her mother

Colonel de Basil showed us Baronova, Riabouchinska et Cie., in the flesh. But there 's no Florida for them after the show, like for the Dorchester high-kickers; it 's back to the hotel with mother, a slice of ham, to bed, dancing shoes and on parade at 10 a.m. next day. Now, Mr. Toye and Sir Francis Towle, why not exchange your entertainments just for one night?—think of the crowd, for instance, at their stage-door at Covent Garden.

By the way, I discovered that during the heat-wave the Dorchester and the Piccadilly are two very cool spots for dinner: the food at the latter has always been good, and that of the former has improved out of knowledge since this time last year. And for cinemas, the Plaza and the Empire are both very cool. The river season is well under way now; Poulsen makes Sunday nights his speciality at his Datchet resort, and the Hungaria, at Maidenhead, has a troupe of Six Livelies, who are due to appear all day, doing slimming exercises, in which the public are asked to join—but all under the care of a chaperon.

Spanish-Jewish songs were given by Conchita Supervia, famous for her voice and her orchids (both of which are excellent), at Mrs. Israel Sieff's party at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Galleries. Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild was present twice over, one might say; for her picture was on the walls of the gallery, in the exhibition of Señor Beltran-Massés. He gets wonderful portraits of women, and has some excellent subjects. Mme. Bonardel, who is one of the loveliest women in Paris, Miss Gloria Griffiths, and Nikitina are others of whom he has done fine paintings. But there was one of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., which made one want to call out: "Steward, two martinis, please," since he is wearing one of those short, white coats indigenous to the race of stewards. Edwin Evans acted as compère to the Jewish songs, which needed some explanation. His long beard gives him a patriarchal appearance. Mr. Francis Toye came in for a short time. He had not heard these songs before, since they have only just been re-discovered. Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Lady Colefax, M. Henri Dreyfus, with Mrs. Burley, the Simon Markses, Mrs. John Gilliatt, and Captain Jefferson Cohn were in the audience; Andrew, with his Embassy Club staff, provided an excellent supper.

MR. PEEPS

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck wearing attractive cool-weather clothes—a Salvation Army bonnet of black straw and a chinchilla pelerine over her cream coat. But it takes Mrs. Beck to make a bonnet look as nice as that, all the same

Woman to Woman

People we 've seen lately on our night prowls around town, include the Arthur Smith-Binghams, she looking lovely in black, with a diamond clip fore and aft, dancing with Captain Peter Dollar; Mrs. Derek Saville, with Mr. Henry Trotter, of Berwickshire-Hound fame; Lady Bridget Parsons, looking more pleased with life than usual, dancing with Mr. John Fox Strangways; and the Galloways, whom we haven't mentioned for many a long day, due to the fact that we haven't seen them. She should always wear white, as she did on this night; we admire her enormously. In another party was Miss Diana Boyd-Rochfort, dancing at one moment with her uncle, Mr. Geoffrey Ackroyd, who looks the same age as herself, and may be, for all we know. Lord Mount Temple was to be seen one evening walking down Piccadilly definitely after hours, still in day clothes, and, anyhow, why on earth shouldn't he? Have you seen Mrs. James Corrigan's black lace dress, with quite two dozen real diamond buttons down the back? She was wearing it at the Savoy the other night, and the buttons were the envy of all. On the same night we saw Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, as good-looking as ever, in black, walk into the restaurant with an enormous black leather Gladstone bag clutched in her hand; we felt anything might have been produced from it, and were bitterly disappointed that we never discovered its contents.

The first couple that we saw when we arrived at Newbury Races for the first day of the Summer Meeting, were Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, she wearing a navy-blue dress with a brown cap. Lord Rosebery was there in his

Above: Mrs. Eustace Storey and Lady Worthington-Evans were also at Quag's for lunch. Lady Worthington-Evans was in pale blue with a black coat and hat, and Mrs. Eustace Storey, whose hat just escaped being coolie, wore brown

Left: Mrs. Andrew Ferguson, Lord Andrew Scott's elder daughter, was watching her husband playing polo for the Tins against the Blues at Hurlingham

Sketches by

Molly Bishop

Below: the fascinating Lucienne Boyer singing at Monseigneur. She is never allowed to let an evening go by without singing "Parlez-Moi d'Amour" at least once

grey bowler, talking to Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and Lady Digby, who is Lord Rosebery's good-looking sister. Lord Rosebery had been seen on Paddington platform the day before, with his sponge in his hand, so we hope he got his bath all right that night, and didn't find a shortage of water where he was staying. Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Anthony Hill were wearers of panama hats; the latter had his attractive wife with him, dressed in brown and white. Miss Victoria Fuller was busy talking to her millions of friends, dressed in duck-egg blue, with a white hat and a silver fox-fur; she probably found she could have done without the fur, as it was a really hot day. Mr. Tom Walls was taking everything in through his rose-coloured glasses.

THERE were lots of Zetlands about, and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who is always one of the best-dressed people on the racecourse, wore white with blue spots; and a white hat, and was seen talking to Mr. Harry Cottrill. Mrs. Geoffrey Grenfell didn't escape our notice: she is a sister of Mr. Billy Peacock, and was looking charming in pale blue; she had that attractive Miss Peggy Chandos-Pole with her, and Mr. Gerald Walker, whose father owns a few horses that turn out to be winners every now and then, Shalfleet being one of his best. Miss Alicia Brown, on the second day, looked lovely in duck-egg blue and brown, and was escorted most of the day by Lord Altamont ("Lump," to his intimate friends). Lady Mount, the most regular of Newbury attendants, was seen talking to Captain Philip Cripps, whose bowler hat seemed to be causing a bit of a stir; it was as soft on top as anybody else's Homburg. Miss Angela Dean and Miss Ann Livingstone-Learmonth made a good-looking couple, dressed in exactly the same coloured pink suits. Mrs. Donald Erskine, in a bright navy coat over a printed dress, was seen walking about alone in the paddock, obviously looking for someone, probably her husband.

WE so much admire Miss Wendy Barrie, the film star, she really is quite lovely; we saw her dancing round the Savoy the other night, wearing a lovely green and blue frock, with a red sash. She looks just as good by the light of day, as we discovered when we saw her watching polo at Ranelagh, with the Dollar Princess—i.e., Princess Alexis Mdivani, who, by the way, doesn't look at all well. Others we saw at polo include Mr. and Mrs. Gustavius Hamilton Russell, being escorted by Mr. Jack Hamilton Russell, who is home on leave from India, and the Rupert Hardys having drinks outside the pavilion with his father.

WE lunched at the Ritz on the Monday before Ascot, and there we saw a lot of people just about to "take off" for the Ascot vicinity and smart house-parties. Among them was Lord Derby, lunching with his son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Stanley. Lord and Lady Edward Hay were together, the latter wearing the most lovely red hat, that suited her ash-blondness to perfection. Captain and Mrs. Gray Horton were with the Macdonald-Buchanans (very racy, or should be, seeing as how she is a daughter of Lord Woolavington). A curious idiosyncrasy of Lady Bridget Poulett's is her definite dislike for even the sight of salt; she can't settle down in a restaurant until it is removed from the table.

THE weather for the first day of Ascot was disappointing, and there was a hue and cry among the women in every household as to what they were to wear. Most of our friends and acquaintances turned up sensibly attired in moderate-length clothes, and normal-sized hats, but a good many people wore their trailing garments. Lady Victor Warrender looked her best in a neat black frock, largish black hat, with multi-coloured flowers across the front of it, and was seen in the paddock spotting possible winners with Lord Londesborough. Mrs. Johnny Player was another of the best-lookers, and was with her almost equally good-looking husband. Lady Dalkeith, in a blue and reddish printed dress, was with Sir Hugh Seely. A wearer of the trailing outfits was the Ranee of Sarawak (our regular Ritz-goer), who was in green, yellow and white tartan taffetas, from head to foot, with a white ermine cape "tipped" with monkey fur. Certainly very noticeable. Another striking-looking person was Mrs. Piers Plowden, who was nothing if not patriotic in her red, white and blue many stripes. Miss Pamela Baker looked charming in navy and white, and extremely pleased with life and her good-looking fiancé, Lord Bridport, whom she was walking about with. Miss Primrose Salt, looking much the same as she did this time last year, was accompanied by a gallant young cavalry officer. More about Ascot and the polo at Aldershot next week.

MRS. PEEPS

Royal Ascot

Uncertain Weather, But No Uncertain Crowd

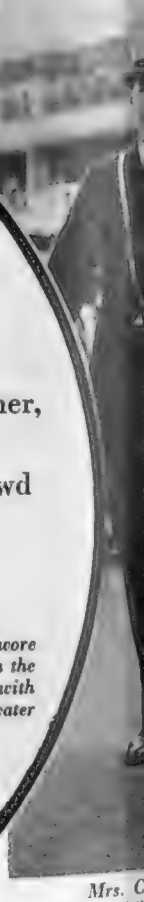
Right: Lord and Lady Inchcape were together, she wearing tartan taffeta and the sort of hat that the gusty wind treated rather unkindly

Below: Mrs. Reggie Sheffield in the lunch-tent parade with Lord Normanton

Left: Anna May Wong wore a small hat and furs on the first day; she arrived with Mr. E. Vansittart-Bowater

Lady Anne Hunloke and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison both took alarm at the threatening clouds on the first day and wore warm coats and small hats

Lady more of f acros



Mrs. C all fril is with

Jo Hope and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton were two
dressed with the discretion that was the better part
d fashions; they are being escorted on their way
thourse to lunch by the Hon. William Douglas Hume

Hat fashions of the week: Lady Patricia Mackay wore a huge and attractively tilted crinoline straw, a Chinese coolie hat appeared here and there, and "Smiler" was wearing his best Ascot confection, fashionably secured with elastic

leeny avoided
arbelows; she
M tanley-Clarke

Lady Fiona Fuller, always well dressed at race-meetings, is with her husband, Sir Gerard Fuller

Right: Mrs. John Mason, another sober dresser, was going towards lunch with her husband

Hunt Cup Day at Ascot

Princess von Bismarck, carrying an umbrella, and the Hon. Sir Eustace Fiennes carrying her fur coat, on their way back from lunch

Lady Willoughby de Broke, very neat in a flowered dress of medium length and a medium-sized hat, had lunch on Hunt Cup Day with Lord Feversham

A Racing Reverie:

The Ascot Mixture as Before

By "Regular"

IT rained on the way to Ascot, and our lovelies, in their chiffons, complained bitterly. The modern girl is quite unused to hock-deep going or a sticky wicket, and even the merest shower sets her scuttling into the champagne bar or a club tent, and, once in there, you are precious lucky if you get out inside the price of a bottle and a plate of strawberries.

WHILE our womenfolk raged at the sudden change in the weather, old-world folk, like you and me, thought longingly of our gardens, and hoped it would rain like the devil. The girls won, however, and although it was not what might be called typical Ascot weather, there was no sort of excuse for spending the time between races in any other place except the paddock.

THIS race-meeting has a definite effect on the daily life of almost all of us, but the production of this paper goes on just as if there were no such thing as Ascot. On the Monday the Editor glares at me and asks what nonsense I am going to dish up this week, and when I reply, "Ascot," he gives me that fish-like look which judges give to witnesses they don't like, and which must be interpreted as: "I've never heard of it."

THE above paragraph is to explain why I am only dealing this week with the first two days of the meeting. Next week I hope to repair the deficiency and tell you all about the Gold Cup, bringing great tears to your eyes as I relate the history of Hyperion, and colossal lumps in your throats as I write about Brown Jack.

DESPITE the fact that the sun refused to shine, Ascot opened in a blaze of glory, and although I thought a number of the women looked a trifle tucked-up, I have never seen our men folk in better fettle.

LORD HAREWOOD, royaller than the Royal Enclosure itself, was the cynosure of all eyes, while the well-tailored suits of Prince Aly Khan and Captain McDougall brought forth little cries of joy whenever they mingled amongst the "hoi polloi" in the democratic surroundings of the paddock.

I HAVE always thought that Lord Glanely looked his best in those heavy-weight trousers he almost invariably affects with his black morning coat, while other leaders of fashion, like Major Weyland and Sir Jock Jardine, were running true to form, which is more than can be said for a number of the equine swells who let us down with a thump.

THE most dreadful thing which has happened to most of us for years was the defeat of Colombo, and the next person who says to me: "Of course, you didn't lay those ridiculous odds" will get more than they bargain for.

COLOMBO, when he is Colombo, is a great horse. Last Tuesday he may have been Lord Glanely, Tommy Hogg, Johnstone, or the boy what does him—he certainly wasn't Colombo. A hard race at Epsom has before now taken all the stuffing out of a good horse, and it certainly had taken it out of Colombo.

As long as Ascot takes place a fortnight after Epsom, we shall get amazing results, such as Colombo's defeat by Flamenco, and bookmakers will continue to be rich and backers poor. Thank heavens Hairan obliged, and Caretta also gave Gordon a winning ride. Caretta goes on from strength to strength, and everyone is delighted to see Lord Lonsdale with such a good filly to succeed Myrobella when she shortly retires to the stud.

HUNT CUP DAY was a tremendous success, judging by the number of people, but I fear many of them went home sadder, though probably no wiser, as the result of their tilts with the ring and the "Tote."

AFTER a showery morning, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, though no amount of sun could make our womenfolk look anything but fantastic jokes in the preposterous clothes which fashion has dictated this year.

THE Hunt Cup was won by Caymanas, one of the horses warranted to shut up even the worst house-party bore. For the two previous evenings he has tipped you almost every horse in the race, and if any of them had won he would have said: "What did I tell you?" Caymanas, who, incidentally, won very easily indeed, was, as far as I know, tipped by nobody.

AFTER the race, all the best people congregated in the champagne bar, just to prove what marvellous losers they were, and all agreed how foolish it was to speculate on a big handicap.

IN these columns I have, before now, told you of a very wonderful two-year-old gelding called Knighted, who first of all won a selling plate at Ally Pally, but last Wednesday did a thing no two-year-old has done for close on thirty years—he won the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot, beating Lord Carnarvon's Satyr, who was considered home and dried and past the post.

KNIGHTED is owned by a small owner, in Mr. Chris Jarvis, he is trained by a small trainer, in Percy Allden, and was ridden by a small man, in Freddy Fox. His victory was tremendously popular, and set the seal on Mrs. Vandy Beatty's reputation as being the world's best judge of a plater.

I REFUSE to believe that this year's Ascot has taught us anything, as next year we shall all fall into the same old traps again. Nevertheless, it has given the majority of us a sharp reminder that horses are not machines, and that a horse who has run the race of his or her life at Epsom is unlikely to repeat the process within a fortnight on the Royal Heath at Ascot. Colombo, Light Brigade, and Zelina have already bitten the dust. Thank heavens they didn't run Windsor Lad!

Cricket without Tears

Blue Mantles v. Jesus College, Cambridge, on the Kent County Ground at Tunbridge Wells

(1) J. H. L. Knocker, one of the Blue Mantles team

(2) T. A. Martin, Captain of Jesus College, Cambridge

(3) O. L. Young, Captain of the Blue Mantles, watching the game with Mrs. Young

(4) Capt. L. B. Stevens, M.C., R.A., and J. P. L. Potter, of the Blue Mantles, who were the opening batsmen

(5) N. Edelshain seen talking to K. Arnott; two of the Jesus College Team

(6) Col. A. Simpson, and G. Furley, a couple of old cricketers and Blue Mantles

(7) A. D. Grange and W. O. Lucas, two more Blue Mantles of an earlier time

(8) O. Holybotham (Jesus College, Cambridge) and G. W. Harrison (Blue Mantles)

(9) General Rhodes and G. W. Harrison watching their side, the Blue Mantles, bat

MATITA in a Mexican Setting

THE GODDESS OF SPORT

MATITA LTD. Mus. 0725

The Restaurant EL PATIO Rupert St.

She shall be charming *wherever* she goes MATITA

From EXCLUSIVE *shops throughout the* WORLD

"She Floats Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease"

Carla Bradley Makes Her London Début

Carla Bradley is a young American dancer who has studied with Adolph Bolm and Michel Fokhine, and has, from her training under these masters, evolved a style of dancing that is a natural expression of her personality and physique. She is very blonde, slender, and of a willowy suppleness, and has an ethereal delicacy, an elusive grace that is as much her own as her complete sincerity, especially when she dances to such music as Liszt's "Etude," Scriabin's "Poème Tragique," or Grieg's "La Fille et l'Ombre." That she can create dances of a harsher, more typically modern character, she demonstrates in her "Tango de la Mort," to Walter Rummel's music. Aubrey Hitchins, who was Pavlova's partner, assists her in her programmes. Carla Bradley makes her first appearance in England to-night at the Arts Theatre Club. She has given a successful recital in Paris, and has danced in all the important centres in America

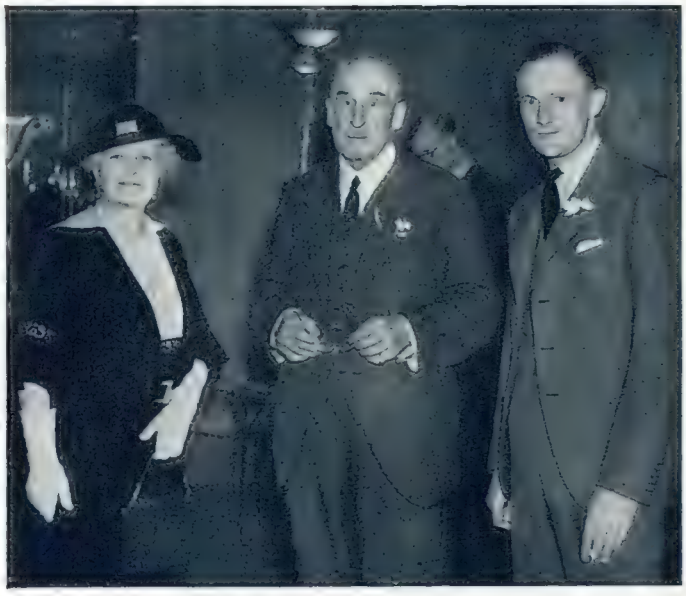
A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke—of course!"

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Soufflé, Sherlock, and Six Soldiers: By A. G. Macdonell

MRS. ANGELA THIRKELL is a high-spirited and diverting novelist. Her new book, which is called *Wild Strawberries* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is well up to standard. It is very slight in plot, and rises to no heights of emotion, and probes into no great depths of character, but it is extremely entertaining. There are people, certainly, who do not like every course of a meal to be a soufflé and who get dazzled and tired with incessant sparkle. But think how vastly preferable a meal of soufflés is to a meal of continuous suet-puddings, and how much jollier incessant sparkle is to thick yellow fog. Mrs. Thirkell sets out to amuse, and I found her very amusing. Lady Emily Leslie is a capital creation of fun, and the opening scene, in which that delightfully vague and fussy lady is marshalling her flock in the vestry of the parish church for a noisy and late entry into morning service, sets the tone for the whole book. Then there is Mr. Leslie, who gets everything wrong always, "but he had taken up from his earliest years the attitude that one word was as good as another." And poor little Mr. Holt, the toady, who is always cadging invitations, and boasting about his grand friends, and getting incessantly snubbed, and trying not to mind being snubbed. And Gudgeon, the great butler. The funniest incident in the book is the concert at which Gudgeon sings his annual song, entitled "The Body in the Bag." This song was a Victorian relic and "its theme was the adventures of a gentleman who sought to dispose of a tom-cat which had died in his establishment." The description of this concert is almost worthy to rank beside Mr. Peter Fleming's immortal Amateur Theatricals. *Wild Strawberries* would be a capital book for a day beside the sea on a summer holiday.



Sasha

Lord Hawke, centre, seen with Lady Hawke and Mr. Ronald Wild, author of "The Official Life of Ranji," at a cocktail-party at which many other of the great cricketer's closest friends were present

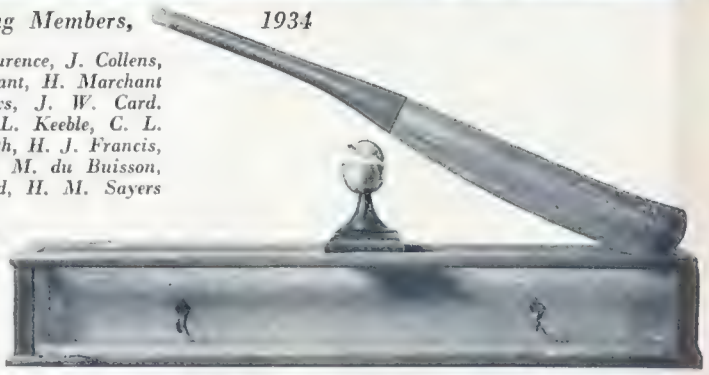
"MON REPOS," by Mr. Nicholas Bevel (The Bodley Head; 6*s.*) is, of course, a parody of Mr. Beverley Nichols' latest manner, his rural manner. I do not know what identity is concealed under the pseudonym of this writer, but this I do know: whoever he is, he has hit upon a curious device for entertaining us. There are few writers so easy to parody as Mr. Nichols, and at the same time few so difficult to parody well. His style and his mannerisms, his likes and dislikes, his simplicities and his affectations are all so well marked and distinctive that he is as conspicuous a mark for the parodist as Disraeli was to the caricaturist. But when there is such distinctiveness, the line between parody and imitation becomes very easy to overstep, and Mr. Bevel has overstepped it. *Mon Repos* is simply imitativeness. It is exactly the sort of thing which Mr. Nichols himself might have written. Now, whatever we may think about the merits or demerits of, say, a picture by Gauguin at least we are agreed that, however ugly it may be, it is, at any rate, preferable to a copy of it. And the same is true of *Mon Repos*. If I want to read the works of Mr. Nichols, I prefer to read them as written by himself rather than as written by someone else. And another thing. When "Beachcomber" or Sir John Squire or Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes a parody, it is always short and sharp. There is no time to get bored with it. But *Mon Repos* is 152 pages long. The dreariness of boredom begins to descend long before the reader is half-way through. It is like reading a book which consists of a single joke repeated on every single one of its pages. The mind begins to sag and to wilt and finally to go completely blank. *Mon Repos* is a dull and pretentious effort at wit and humour.

THERE is a perpetual interest in the exploits and personality of the immortal Sherlock. The latest addition to the saga is *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, by Mr. Vincent Starrett (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Actually, it is less a private life of the great detective than a series of essays on various aspects of the epic. Mr. Starrett discusses the actual whereabouts of the house in Baker Street, Number 221b, and describes the remarkable work of Dr. Briggs, of St. Louis, in locating the actual site. He touches on Holmes' musical taste, and gives a list of the cases which are mentioned by Watson but not chronicled. He wonders about Holmes' ancestry. But the true Sherlockian will disapprove of Mr. Starrett for including chapters on Conan Doyle. Indeed, the true Sherlockian will not admit that Conan Doyle ever existed. At the first annual dinner of the Sherlock Holmes Society, which took place the other day at a restaurant in Baker Street, the name of Conan Doyle was never mentioned. I think Mr. Starrett makes a great mistake in introducing chapters on how Doyle fought for Oscar Slater, and where he lived in Southsea, and his success in freeing an innocent man who had been convicted of cattle-maiming. These things are very interesting, but they have nothing to do with Sherlock Holmes. Nor has the chapter on Sherlock in burlesque and parody, nor the chapter on the actors who have played the part on the stage and the films. But the rest is admirable. There is one detail upon which I join issue very warmly with Mr. Starrett. I simply refuse to accept Robert as the Christian name of Mr. Moriarty. Not only was the sinister ex-professor called James, but, as I think Mr. Frank Morley proves somewhere, he had a brother who was also called James. Mr. Starrett has accepted Robert simply because some hasty theatre-manager put Robert on the programme of a play about Sherlock.

"AUTHORS-AT-ARMS," by C. P. Hawkes (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is an altogether delightful study of the soldiering days of six great writers. Manfully resisting the temptation to spread himself on Aeschylus at Salamis, Horace at Philippi, and Cervantes at Lepanto, Mr. Hawkes has taken jolly Dick Steele, who served in the ranks of the Life Guards; Gibbon, the historian, who commanded a battalion of Hampshire militia; then a most unexpected one—Private Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of the Light Dragoons. He must surely have been one of the oddest soldiers who ever lived. Mr. Hawkes' account of him is brilliantly done. Then comes Quartermaster Walter Scott, Walter Savage Landor, and Brigade-Commander Lord Byron, of the Greek Army of Independence. *Authors-at-Arms* is written with such clear and live energy that it is quite impossible, to use a hackneyed expression, to lay it down once you have embarked on it. Every page contains something interesting or exciting or strange. Perhaps the strangest is the tale of how Landor saw Napoleon sitting in his carriage at Tours during his flight from Waterloo to Rochefort, and how he warned him that he might be recognised. "Monsieur," replied the fallen Emperor, "I perceive that you are an Englishman and that my secret is safe with you."

Sevenoaks Vine C. C. Playing Members, 1934

Back Row (L. to R.) J. Stordy, A. H. Corley, C. Neve, F. E. Budd, L. W. Laurence, J. Collens, C. W. Seager, C. Smith, H. J. Reynolds, R. Pyle, C. R. Bailey, R. N. Marchant, H. Marchant (Umpire), R. A. Hodgson, G. E. C. Hudson, Ashdown (Umpire), F. Daws, J. W. Card. Middle Row: C. Turner, W. A. Paskin, R. Blake, P. Cavell, C. F. Cavell, L. Keeble, C. L. Norman, J. D. Percival, Wells (Scorer), A. E. Packman, N. P. Golds, C. A. Smith, H. J. Francis, R. J. Rogers, J. Hearmon, D. J. Argent, A. P. R. Thomas. Front Row: J. M. du Buisson, H. C. Michell, B. Moss, G. G. Anderson, R. A. Higgs-Walker, J. W. Bruford, H. M. Sayers (Hon. Treas.), R. V. Everett (Capt. 4th XI.), T. R. Essenhigh (Capt., 2nd XI.), G. D. Durtnell (Capt., 1st XI.), G. A. Medcalf (Capt., 3rd XI.), D. Braithwaite (Hon. Sec.), H. Thompson, T. W. Morgan, C. W. French, S. G. Smith, J. Robinson, H. J. Taylor, Col. J. H. T. Priestman and G. E. Hudson



The Sevenoaks Club, born in 1734, though cricket was believed to have been played there earlier, possesses the snuff-box, seen above in the shape of a ball, and the bat, autographed by William Mitchell, 1745, and one of the oldest in existence

England's Handicaps

By "Finger-Spin"

THE lessons of the first Test Match at Nottingham, whatever may have occurred at Lord's before these notes appear in print, were clear-cut and conclusive. As I walked away from the ground, or, rather, as I was pushed and bundled through the narrow and dusty gates, with never a hope of finding a cab to take me to the station and then on to the comparative quiet and peace of London, my thoughts were much the same as on that afternoon in August of 1930 when Woodfull's previous team had just won the Ashes. On that occasion the whole affair was settled, whereas, at the moment, we are, to be sure, only one match down, with four yet to be played.

BUT there was this in common, that the Australians, after a period of defeat, were gathering their forces, and with the help of young players were going ahead, while we were going back. The anxieties of our Selection Committee in finding a suitable team for Trent Bridge were more acute than usual, so thick and fast did casualties tumble upon them just before the match, with the result that whereas Australia did look like a Test team—certainly not a particularly strong one—ours looked more like a pick-up side. I do not for a moment propose to go into the reasons for the absence of Mr. Jardine and Larwood. After all, Mr. Jardine is a private individual, quite at liberty to decide how he likes best to live his life; there is no reason why he should be tugged out to play cricket in conditions for which he does not care. His loss to England's best team, however, is tremendous, even if not insurmountable, for, apart from being, at the moment, the best captain in the world, he is just the very type of batsman we required at Nottingham. I am convinced that the horrors which occurred in England's first innings would have been avoided had Mr. Jardine been there to go in at Number Five to keep the side together.

WE had already lost some grip of the match during Australia's first innings, when we allowed the last five wickets to add such a ridiculous amount of runs. Oldfield and Grimmett are gallant batsmen, who know all there is to be known about Test Match cricket, but they are not good enough to stay in for as long as that; at least, they would not have been had Larwood been there. Even with those two apparently inevitably away we might have done well enough had only R. E. S. Wyatt been available, and had the Selectors given the captain one more bowler of pace. To play a Test Match on a wicket such as that at Trent Bridge with only one bowler of pace seems to me to be a most remarkable affair. As it was, Mitchell was so incapable of finding a length that the unfortunate Walters was afraid to put him on, and as he is nothing of a batsman we were virtually playing the Australians with ten men, and that when they had won the toss.

ANOTHER great loss was G. O. Allen, who had not had enough cricket since an operation to warrant the risk of playing him in such a match. Take, then, Jardine, Wyatt, Larwood and Allen out of England's best side, and you see under what an immense handicap we were playing. This is not an excuse, because nothing that happened at Trent Bridge, or nothing that might have happened had we fielded a different side, could possibly lessen the virtue of Australia's achievement. But it would soon be pointed out to us—not by Australians, but by that queer section of English opinion which so dearly loves to depreciate anything well done in their country—how severely Australia would be affected if suddenly four of their very best, not second-best, players were, for one reason or another, unavailable.

ANYWAY, they won, and they won handsomely, and the men who, watching every ball of the match, I liked best and to whom I gave the greatest credit for the victory were: firstly, Woodfull, the most unobtrusive but efficient of captains; secondly, McCabe, who pulled them together in their first innings, and who scored at a fine pace in the second innings, when runs were wanted fast and Brown was diddling about; thirdly, Grimmett, who, in both innings, bowled superbly, never sending down a loose ball and, with all due respect to O'Reilly, getting many of that bowler's wickets in the second innings for him; and fourthly, Oldfield, who was a positive menace to all the English batsmen. Ames I do not consider to be anything approaching Oldfield as an offensive wicket-keeper, by which I do not mean a wicket-keeper who lets off squibs or chatters, but one who, by continual alertness and something approaching infallibility, controls the batsman's stroke-production. Duckworth, if not so certain as Oldfield, is also a great attacking wicket-keeper, who is continually on the look-out for a wicket, whether the batsman is in his crease or running between the wickets.

I WRITE these notes on a day when the whole town is in an uproar because Larwood has said that he will not play cricket in a Test Match against the Australians. No doubt something must have upset him very much to have driven him to come to so stern a decision. In which case I am sorry for him; and I am sorry that he will not be bowling at Lord's (if such is the case) for he would give a little tone to a match which was sadly lacking in that quality at Trent Bridge. But for all that, I really cannot see what all the excitement is about. Real cricketers—that is, those who play on Saturday afternoons, and sometimes on Sundays—roar with laughter at the fuss which is made over such matters. When it comes to a game—and cricket is the best of all games—causing every single person in a continent to breathe fire and brimstone, for that was the state of affairs two winters ago in Australia, then it is high time to scrap such things as international cricket and get back to the proper game. If Larwood does not want to play, let us ask one of the many others.

Bystanders in Scotland

Our Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick

Below: Miss Oliver Kay (New Zealand), Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), and Miss B. Gaisford (New Zealand), three overseas competitors

Miss S. Grahame and Miss V. Grahame, both of North Berwick. They are twin sisters

Miss P. Martin-Smith (Knebworth) seen with Miss B. Steele (North Berwick)

Left: Miss R. Neilson (Alnmouth) and Mrs. W. Neilson (Alnmouth)

Right: Miss S. A. Walker (Dunbar), Miss Purvis Russell-Montgomery (Eli and Earlsferry), Mrs. Alec Bowhill, and Mrs. S. G. Rome (Gullane)

Below: Mrs. A. W. Robertson Durham, Mrs. I. H. Brownhill, Miss Druitt, Miss E. H. Robertson Durham, Miss M. W. Robertson Durham (in front) with Sam and Joe

Mrs. M. L. Clarke (Hayling), Mrs. C. M. Peploe (North Berwick), Mrs. Hugh Wyld and Miss J. Wyld (North Berwick)

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Margaret Crawford

Hay Wrightson

Miss Cynthia Menteith

Yevonde

Above: *Miss Angela Manning*

In Circle: *Miss Ethilda Hammond*

Pollard Crowther

Miss Violet Maclellan

Yevonde

Miss Diana Kerr

Six Débutantes

Margaret Crawford: *daughter of Sir William and Lady Crawford; was presented at the Fourth Court by her mother; wore a dress of white lace over silver lamé*

Cynthia Menteith: *only daughter of Lt.-Col. H. G. Mentieth, D.S.O., and Mrs. Mentieth, who presented her. Is being chaperoned by the Hon. Mrs. Hubert Preston*

Angela Manning: *only daughter of Mr. Tom Manning, Commodore of the Bembridge Sailing Club, and Mrs. Manning; presented by her sister, Mrs. F. A. Parker*

Ethilda Hammond: *youngest daughter of Mrs. Burnett Hammond, of Banff, Canada, who presented her; Mrs. Claude Hawker is entertaining for her; is a brilliant rider*

Violet Maclellan: *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Maclellan, and cousin of Lord St. Aldwyn; was presented at the Third Court by her mother*

Diana Kerr: *elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Basil Kerr; her mother presented her at the Fourth Court*

AN evening gown from Debenham and Freebody, worth making a fuss about. It is cherry-coloured organamousse, which is a kind of crinkly, stiffened chiffon, and moulds the figure devotedly in a classic line. Worn with or without the shoulder garland of pale silk poppies

MADAME WINTZENRIED, an elegant Parisienne, hailing from Switzerland, wears Molyneux's black, white and grey plaid silk dress and cape, proving once more that simplicity is the true chic

F. J. Gutmann

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

LINENS . . .
and yet again LINENS
Fresh and Smart for In and Out of Town

COARSE white linen coat and skirt. The blouse is navy silk jersey, spotted with white linen. *Peter Russell*

PINK linen coat and skirt, equally good with a blouse, as a suit, or without, as a jacket dress. *Lillywhite's*

THIS dress is the exact colour of the sky on a warm, clear day. Specially commended for the distinctive cut of the bodice, gathered slightly on to the one-sided band. *Matita*

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

THAT well-worn-out joke, "Don't give her a book, she 's got a book" does not apply to her if she 's on the telephone.

If she 's on the telephone, she 's got to have two books to litter the hall or the bedside table, or else limit her telephoning relations to the A to K's.

Here Marshall and Snelgrove step in with a good idea, and bring out a revolving, two-compartment directory-holder, which keeps everything nice and tidy. You can buy it in oak, limed oak or walnut for a guinea.

I PRESSED my nose flat to the glass window of Vickery, in Regent Street, to look closer at a little group of watches unlike any I have seen before.

They had the usual small oblong faces, flanked at either end with clusters of diamonds; but the figures marking the hours are formed of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, proving the person right who said that time is precious.

Vickery's is the right kind of shop to which you take that friend who likes notions.

Item: A suède roll-up travelling jewel-case, neat and safe, almost worth buying jewels for. (Fifteen and six.)

Item: An electric reading-glass, which is a reading-glass with a battery hidden in its thickish stem. (You can think out plenty of good uses for this.)

Item: A pencil whose point ends in electric light—an old idea cleverly improved on—for scribbling down those epic ideas which come to us always in the middle of the night.

Item: A pencil, neatly chromiumed. At the other end is a cap which, removed, lights a cigarette without spark or flame or anything, as far as I could see. They said something about carbon coming into contact with air, but I think it 's magic. (Ten and sixpence.)

Item: A small zipped morocco work-case, just a few inches of it, containing everything in the world for mending, sewing, darning, and tatting, except the ability to do it. Fine for travelling or just keeping round the flat. (One guinea).

Since we mention travelling, you might care to know about the celophane wrappers I saw at Swan and Edgar's. You fold the flimsiest dress along the ends, roll it up into a tight little roll, it takes up no room in the case, and there 's never a crease to show.

THE one thing I have against nightdresses is that some people will call them nighties. Otherwise we have to give them much applause, for they get lovelier and lovelier.

It 's too bad to have to go to sleep in some I saw at Debenham's. They are glamorous enough to wear for the world to see. Two models, especially. One was not a nightdress, but a dream, in flowered, pin-tucked chiffon, with a cape, with a little train, with a shape.

The other was in heavy, lustrous white satin, hand-embroidered with flowers. You wear it with a high-necked coat and those full sleeves that, gathering up into a small band tight at the wrists, flatter the hands, which, in this instance, should hang down, gently, like lilies.

Those are models, but coming near to earth, they have some all-the-year-round nightdresses in washing satin, triple ninon and crêpe-de-Chine which are all-the-year-round bargains, at a pound. They are discreetly lace-trimmed, with a particularly good line.

There are other excuses for lingering in Debenham's lingerie. Wispy folds of silk and lace, smoothing out to become beautifully cut cami-knickers, shapely slips, silk pants without a wrinkle.

IT is pound week in Fenwick's underwear department. They too have a pretty number in nightdresses in washing satin and lace, in all good underwear colours. One pound. Also, for the same price, clever, low-backed slips in oyster and peach—and aren't they peaches?—georgette vests and knickers, and the georgette and lace cami-knicker, a picture of which enlivens this page.

The lady sitting up in bed took one look at that little bed cape from Fenwick's, and threw away her bed jackets. These capes are quilted satin, quilted in a shell design, a pretty fancy. Thirty shillings, during this week.

THE fore-and-aft ear-rings at the top of the page have several good points.

They are made of paste to look like shells, which is a fashion fancy of the moment, smart and pretty, too. They do not screw into the ear, but are fixed with the gentlest pressure, one shell in front, one shell behind the lobe. Designed by the buyer at Woolland's artificial jewellery department.

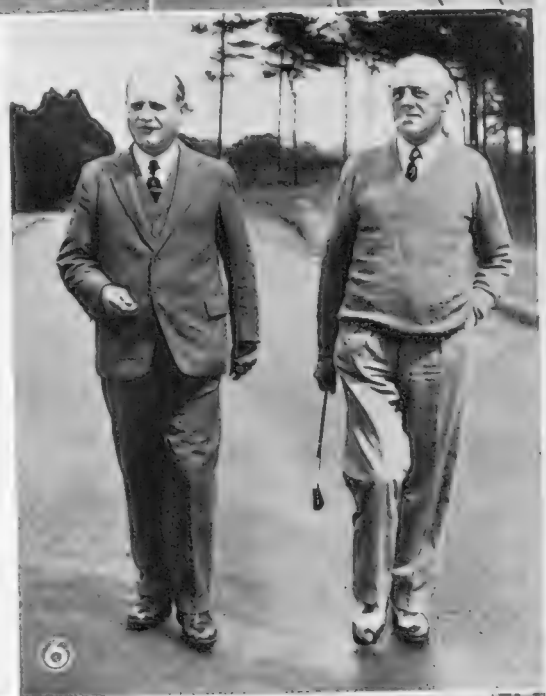
WORTH'S ready-to-wear shop, in Regent Street, has so many clients who prefer to have models copied in their own particular colours and with their own adjustments, that the ready-to-wear goods are available for some good sales pickings just now.

The figures that mark day and evening dresses and sports suits have taken acrobatic jumps downwards. It is worth looking in to see what 's going on.

Golf Clubs at Home

Our Photographer Visits Ganton, in Yorkshire

(1) Comdr. E. W. Malcolm King, R.N., Secretary to the Club. (2) Dr. H. W. Nicholson. (3) Dr. R. A. Campbell. (4) Major G. A. Woods. (5) J. A. Stout and J. J. Wardill. (6) Thornton Varley and T. A. Myers. (7) Dr. J. H. Thornley and J. G. Edwards. (8) R. L. English and H. O. Richardson. (9) K. S. Beswick and C. Hudson



3 Weeks Test

●

Warm Weather Wisdom

Summer lassitude is due to a clogged system. Keep your system free from all impurities and you will feel fresh and energetic on the hottest day. Drink only Gordon's Gin for three weeks. Drink it in cold water, soda water or tonic water — adding a slice of lemon if you wish. And, of course, always in your cocktails.

For Gordon's Gin clears the system of all impurities and contains properties which aid quick digestion.

Your eyes will be clear, your complexion fresh — your brain will function quicker, your step will be lighter and brisker. Outwardly and inwardly you will be a healthier and more vigorous person. The important and health-giving properties of Gordon's Gin will have had an opportunity of doing their good work. Make this three weeks' test—you'll feel all the fitter for it.

Gordon's Does Good!

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Look at the back of the bottle

and you'll see why

Gordon's Gin is best for health

NO COLOURING MATTER
NO INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS

GORDON'S GIN HAS BY FAR THE WORLD'S LARGEST SALE..!

Royal Air Force Display Day at Hendon

By Charles Ward

Left: The Prince of Wales, who will represent H.M. the King at the R.A.F. Display, photographed at Sywell Aerodrome with officials of the Northants Club. On the left is Earl Spencer; next to the Prince, Mr. Newton, and behind, Captain G. R. D. Shaw, Chairman of the Club

R. Holloway

The Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, landing from a "Caproni" at Centocelle, the military aerodrome for Rome. On the right is the Marchese F. di Carignani, Aide-de-Camp to the Prince

Personalities on the flying field from l. to r.: Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr, of "Cellon," Mrs. Courtney, Air-Commodore C. L. Courtney, C.B., Director of Staff Duties, Air Ministry, and Captain Cordes, test pilot for Handley Page, photographed at Brooklands

Our First Line of Defence

PUBLIC interest in the work of the R.A.F. is particularly keen at the present time, on account of the pending increase in strength of our first line of defence. Too much has been heard of Disarmament and too little achieved at Geneva for our peace of mind. We have the assurance of the Secretary of State that parity in the air will be achieved, but, unfortunately, seven years must pass before we reach this desirable state of affairs. This delay is due to the physical impossibility of training the requisite number of pilots and engineers in less time, bearing in mind that the Service is organised and operated on a peace footing. Similarly, it would be foolish to order hundreds of aeroplanes to-day, however high a standard we may have reached in design and construction, for these would be obsolete long before the last of the new pilots had been trained to fly them. There is no doubt that the R.A.F. is efficient. Its aircraft and personnel are second to none in the world. The snag is that there are not enough of them, when one remembers that we still have police duties to perform in Africa, the Near East, Iraq, India and around Singapore, allowing the West Indies, of course, to be supervised by the United States.

Forming Fours at 200 Miles an Hour!

PUT aside cares of State, demands for income tax, requests to use less water—there is an opportunity for those who like an open-air spectacle to watch something unique at Hendon on Saturday. The Prince of Wales, representing the King, will witness an exhibition of piloting skill which is guaranteed to thrill even those who have seen every other of the previous fourteen Displays. New aircraft, drill at higher speeds, closer formations, all combine to prove that the standard of training in the R.A.F. improves year by year. Synchronised flight aerobatics will be given for the first time by six pilots of No. 43 Squadron. Each flight will execute such manœuvres as half-rolls, rocket loops and complete rolls, whilst tied together by elastic cords. Massed formations will drill at 200 miles an hour—can you imagine "forming fours" and returning "two deep" at that speed? Sky-writing will be done by five pilots instead of three, using coloured "smoke" to weave fancy patterns in the air. Inverted flying, always a mystery to the layman who would hate the idea of being upside down, even within a few feet of the ground, is always a popular item. The Hendon monsters are reputed to be more fearsome than ever before—they will be well and truly shot down by the air police on duty, probably from the cockpit of an equally grim-looking Pterodactyl.

News by 'Plane

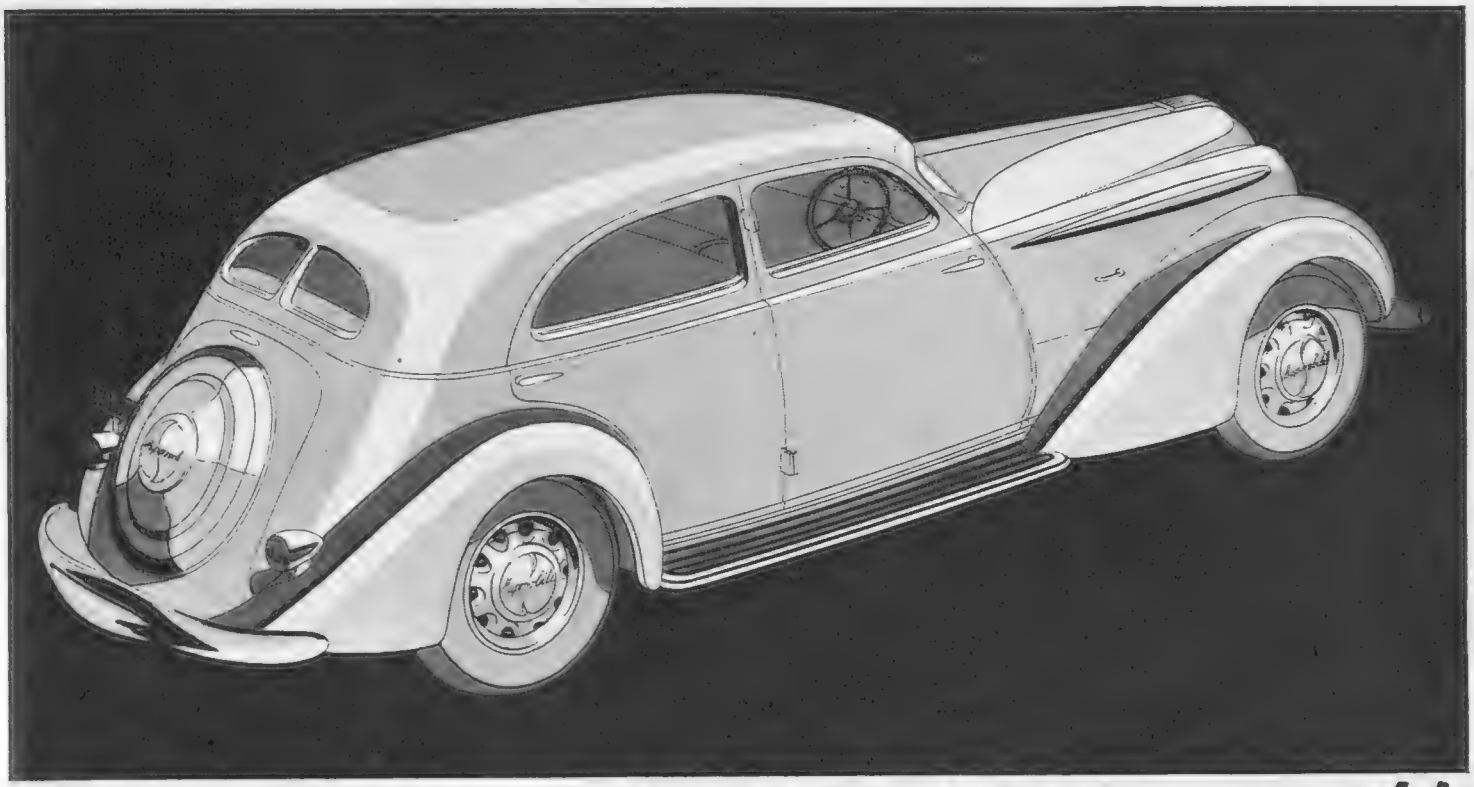
HOW many of us realise, when sitting on the plage or at our favourite café on the Continent, that the London papers we bought at the kiosk have been brought by air? In fact, but for the air services, our news would be stale, or, at best, gleaned, for what it was worth, from a linguistic acquaintance, who could read the local rag. The distribution of newspapers is a highly organised affair. Messageries Hachette, well known on the Continent, employ daily services to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne and Copenhagen. More than a ton of newspapers are distributed in this way, the London morning dailies being on sale in Paris at 8.30 a.m. For the Belgian coast resorts, a "special" leaves Lympne Airport at 4.30 a.m., deliveries to customers taking place in good time for breakfast. The Wrightson and Pearse group, air-taxi proprietors of Heston, handle a large volume of newspapers and magazines for the Continent. Distributors in the South of France utilise the regular Air France services to Marseilles and Cannes.

Air Views

THE exhibition of air photographs at Bush House, organised by *Aerofilms*, was an interesting reminder of the part played by the camera in assisting trade and industry. The most fascinating exhibit was a plotting machine, made by Williamsons, for drawing a map with contours from a series of overlapping air views. Having worked for some years in separate compartments, the Royal Aero Club and the Aviation Division of the "A.A." have now got together. In future, the two will act jointly, and their air-touring facilities will be amalgamated.

HUPMOBILE
LIMITED

43, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.



Hup! Hup! Hup! Hooray!!

4 door . . . 5-passenger Sedan . . . 117" wheel-base . . . 80 brake-horse power .. **£345** including Radio).

Beautiful Aero-Dynamic 4 door . . . 6-passenger Sedan . . . 121" wheel-base . . . 93 brake-horse power .. **£445**

Beautiful Aero-Dynamic 4 door . . . 6-passenger Sedan . . . 127" wheel-base . . . 115 brake-horse power .. **£495**

Our production Engineers announce that our Detroit Factory will have four hundred Aero-Dynamic Hupmobile Cars a day coming off the production lines from June 1st.

Come up & see them sometime

Warwick Wright

'PHONE:
SLOANE 0061

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

WHEN you find a man glooming over the degeneracy of these days of ours just introduce him very quietly to Moussec. Notice how his face lights. Ah now! *this* is good stuff! And the price? Why really things aren't so bad as one thought. Moussec proves it.

Those who know something of the celebrated méthode champenoise used in the making of Moussec are often curious to know how the authentic process can be successfully carried out (as it is) in this country.

The answer lies in the life work of Pierre Rivollier, himself a celebrated champagne vintner, whose researches are recognised by the French Government. Rivollier discovered a new process of refinement—natural as the growth of the grape itself—whereby the wastage and uncertainty, so often associated with wine fermentations, could be prevented and the authentic quality of the vintage retained. This discovery has enabled the juice of grapes ripened on the champagne slopes to be fermented and matured here in England by the méthode champenoise without the addition of any trace of preservation or doping.

The illustration shows one single stage in this process—the laying down *sur lattes* for the "prise de mousse."

The result is Moussec—a sparkling wine possessing all the natural properties—the character, the bouquet, the strength and stimulus—yet costing so very much less than any other wine approaching it in quality.

Moussec is now obtainable in a full range of bottlings: BOTTLE 6/6, ½ bottle 3/6, ¼ bottle 2/-. BONNE SANTÉ Crown cork ½ bottle 1/8. L'APÉRITIF Crown cork 'baby' bottle 1/-.

YOUR WINE MERCHANT WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO MOUSSEC

MOUSSEC

LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Monthly Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Café de la Paix

How the Café de la Paix looks, now that Dare Lea and his band are in their new home, back of the pillars on the far side of the room, instead of just by the door. This gives much more space, and was a good thought

Ciro's

IN spite of the heat-wave and the nightly exodus of smart and less smart to road-houses, swimming-pools and hayfields, Ciro's remains full most nights of the week, and packed on Tuesdays. It 's cool and airy on the ground floor, and up in the balcony, where one can still dance to Maurice Winnick's music, one can wear something less incubating than a stiff shirt and a tail-coat.

The film world continues to be well represented. Walter Wanger was there the other day, and so was Lothar Mendes, the famous German director, who is now a Hollywood "name." Victor Saville, equally famous in the English studios, often comes in, and Thornton Freeland, who directed *Flying Down to Rio*, made Ciro's one of his headquarters while he was visiting London.

There 's an all-Spanish cabaret here this week. It consists of Ruben Garcia, who has had a tremendous success in New York, and now appears in England for the first time, and Hilda Moreno. Garcia is the son of a famous Spanish dancer, and is himself one of the finest exponents of the national and folk dancing of Spain. Hilda Moreno is a Cuban, very lovely, with a delightful husky singing-voice that sets everyone thinking of orange-groves and warm Southern nights and guitars, and the rest. She dances well, too. She has just finished playing lead in the film version of *The Three-Cornered Hat*, which has been made in Spain, with Harry D'Arrast, the Hollywood director, in charge.

Chatham Grill

HAVE you eaten "Lobster Chatham"? No? Then you don't know that it 's hot lobster with a port wine and cream sauce, with mushrooms, and a few fresh mint-leaves thrown in at the last moment. Or "Lobster Gratiné Delysia," named after Alice Delysia, for whom it was first made, which is lobster on macaroni, with the same sauce and cheese on top? Or the cold suprême de volaille, or mousse of ham, with a cream sauce? Or strawberries soaked in Grand Marnier and sugar, on vanilla ice and coated with cream flavoured with the same liqueur?

Until one has tried these dishes, one knows nothing of what the Chatham can do. Loustalot, the chef, says so, and he should know. These dishes are *the* specialities for the summer, when grills and such-like are temporarily out of favour. André Simon, prince of connoisseurs, says so too; he goes regularly to Jermyn Street for his "Lobster Chatham," and sends his friends, with strict orders to do the same. Loustalot is a delightful person. He looks more like a professor or writer—or is it a musician?—with his iron-grey hair and horn-rimmed spectacles, than he resembles one's preconception of a chef. He has been in London all the time since 1904, except for four years six months and eighteen days, from August 1914 onwards, when he was busy serving with the French, British and American armies. He has been at the Carlton, under the famous M. Escoffier, at the Savoy, Claridge's, and at Kettner's for ten years. He has been member, secretary, vice-president of the French Chefs' Benevolent Society since he joined it in 1906; smiling, he says of it: "It 's my baby." Now he 's the chief reason (he was very interesting when he expounded the other, more technical, reasons) why the food is so good at the Chatham.

So many people have bad memories, that it 's necessary to add a reminder that there 's no music here. In fact, there are no distractions at all, unless pleasant surroundings count as such, from the business of eating and talking.

EXTENSION NIGHTS		
The Berkeley	:	Wednesday
The Blue Train	:	Tuesday
Café Anglais	:	Friday
Café de Paris	:	Wednesday
Chatham Grill (no music)	:	Tuesday
Ciro's Club	:	Tuesday
The Dorchester	:	Thursday
Embassy Club	:	Thursday
Grosvenor House	:	Thursday
The May Fair	:	Thursday
Monseigneur	:	Thursday
Quaglino's	:	Wednesday
The Savoy	:	Thursday

Romano's

A sketch by the late Phil May of Romano's in its most palmy, red-plush and champagne, Edwardian days. The same sort of people still go there, but some of the plush has vanished

Grosvenor House

THERE 's a new star in the cabaret here who is well worth going to see: Dania, the twenty-one-year-old Danish dancer. She is lovely, has such a perfect figure that she

GROSVENOR GAIETIES

London's Brightest Cabaret

The most elaborate and spectacular show ever seen in a London restaurant

Included in the cast of twenty are:

TONY SMYTHE and ROMA BEAUMONT

(by special permission of Jack Buchanan and Jack Waller)

PAMELA FOSTER, DANIA BARRIGO, JOHNNY NIT GEORGE LAURI and the "GROSVENOR GIRLS"

Different performances at Dinner and Supper

Sunday Cabaret 10 p.m. *Extension of licence on Thursdays*

Dinner or Supper, Dancing and Cabaret 15/6

They say it is London's best hotel . . .

Seasoned travellers from far and wide come to Grosvenor House again and again because here they enjoy every amenity that a great modern hotel can provide.

WHERE EXCELLENCE IS NOT EXTRAVAGANCE

Single bedrooms from 21/-. Double bedrooms from 31/6. Every bedroom has private bathroom with shower, and running iced drinking water.

GROSVENOR HOUSE

P A R K L A N E

Telephone: Grosvenor 6363. Telegrams: Grovhows, Audley, London.

Famous Restaurateurs

No. 9. Louis, of the Café de la Paix

LOUIS (Luigi Muller) was a page-boy at the Eden Hotel, Palanza, when he was twelve. He was probably very homesick when he left Lake Maggiore to be a commis in Germany for two years, and not much less so when he found himself in private service in Cheshire, learning to speak English. His first London job was at the Berkeley; here, in three years, he graduated from commis to wine-butler.

The Ritz Grill in Paris, the South of France, Tréport, and Paris again filled his time till 1914, when he went to the war. He was discharged in 1916, returned to England, and became head waiter under Luigi, at Ciro's. It was here he became known as Louis. He used to be called Luigi, until the greater Luigi overheard Lauri de Freece hailing him by this name. Then the fiat went forth, "There is only one Luigi; he must be called Louis instead," and Louis he has been from that day to this.

Louis has been at the Criterion, the Berkeley, first head waiter at Ciro's under Soso and Rizzi, and joint manager there with Ferraro for four years. And then general manager at the Kit Cat until a few months before he came to the Café de la Paix.

In his family life, he's a complete cosmopolitan. He has a French wife, two daughters who won't speak anything but English, is himself Italian, and has a German name. His hobbies, he says, are gardening and walking.

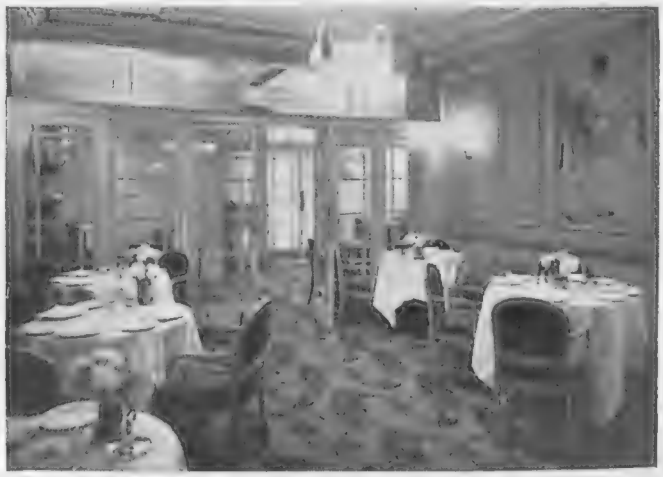
---

has already won beauty competitions in England, and dances really well. She trained at the Copenhagen Royal Ballet School for six years, starting when she was eight, but she grew so fast they decided she was too tall for ballet; so now she does solo work, and this is her first engagement in England. One of her turns is a partnerless Carioca, which hasn't been seen over here before; she got the low-down for this from a Cuban, so it's authentic.

Pamela Foster, for whom more and more discerning folk predict an interesting future, has a new number, no whirlwind this time, but a slow waltz, which she does with great style. Johnny Nit, the tap-dancer, has become a great favourite. He is going to dance at Lady Wavertree's Tennis Ball, which takes place under the same roof on July 9, and has got three illustrious colleagues that night—George Robey, Frances Day, and Douglas Byng.

And, later in July, a selection of the Grosvenor Gaieties are doing the cabaret at the ball that's been named after them, and which is under the chairmanship of Princess Alice.

Moschetto has just fixed up to take his band to the Grand Hotel at Cannes, for the sun-bathing season; Syd Lipton carries on at Grosvenor House. The last-named rhythm king is definitely reputed to knock up the best dancing-time of any band in London, which is a proud boast, but hard to dispute.



The Chatham Grill

The Chatham Grill all set for the day. All the doors are kept open these days, and all the windows, and the result is perfect coolth, even in a heat-wave. The gentleman playing croquet is one of the series of amusing panels that decorate the walls, painted by a French artist

Dania, the lovely Dane, who has joined the Grosvenor Gaieties show, has been practising her Carioca on the roof of Grosvenor House during the hot weather

Café de la Paix

THE junior "Caife" is at its most pleasant for lunch these hot days. Sitting at a table on the far side of the room, one catches a glimpse of the sunny, dusty street through the open door, while within it is all gay with the rose and green of the decorations, and as cool and shady as under the summer foliage of a chestnut-tree. One can eat salmon-trout, or eggs in aspic, suprême de volaille and a crisp salad, and strawberries and cream, and ask no more of London. Incidentally, the set lunch is the best, at its very moderate price, to be had in any restaurant, and is one reason why so many people do eat here in the middle of the day. And if one is in the mood for more elaborate dishes, M. le Chef is a fair match for the whims and eccentricities of his most fastidious or exacting clients.

Dare Lea continues his success with his band; one hears rumours of the possibility of his broadcasting, and with this in view, his pitch has been moved, and is now farther from the door. This is a great improvement to the room, and gives much more space. There is always one good cabaret turn at midnight: short, and of the "intimate" type.

It 's worth mentioning that the service, which was at one time in the Café's career open to criticism as a trifle spasmodic, is now as smooth and polished as can be.

Dance Bands of the Day

Billy Gerhardi of the Blue Train

BILLY GERHARDI has been laid low with two broken ribs and the unpleasant shock that a motor accident is liable to give. Playing the violin with a couple of uncertain ribs can't be too easy, but he was hoping to be back at work this week, on his stand which divides the restaurant from the grill at the Blue Train.

When he left school he (or his family) planned he should be an estate agent, and he studied this business in Durban, South Africa, till he was nineteen. Then he gave that up and came to England to learn to play the violin. He hadn't been here a few weeks when he was given an audition by a then famous American band, the original Ragpickers. He told a member of the band at a dance that he played the fiddle, got his chance, and was straight away given the leadership. He has never sat down to play his instrument since; in other words, he 's never looked back in his career.

He 's played for the Midnight Follies, at the Embassy, the Savoy, Grosvenor House for three and a-half years, and the Café de Paris all last winter.

He loves beautiful gardens, and if he had more time he 'd like to take up gardening as a serious hobby. As it is, he plays golf and cricket when he can, and keeps fit that way.

CIRO'S CLUB

ORANGE STREET, W.C.2

Telephones: Whitehall 5264 (3 lines).

CABARET

Week ending June 30th

REUBEN GARCIA

A young Spanish-American who was the dancing sensation of New York last Winter Season

Extension of licence Tuesday

Cheerful surroundings and a first-class Cabaret, always fresh, new, gay and sensational, supported by Lou Preager's famous dance band, make a night at Romano's superlative in every respect.

LONDONS HAPPIEST AND MOST POPULAR RENDEZVOUS

ROMANO'S

RESTAURANT, 400, STRAND, W.C.2. TEMPLE BAR 2911

CHATHAM GRILL

Jermyn Street.

"THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD IN LONDON."

SPECIALITIES:—

DISHES FROM THE SPIT AND GRILL.
LUNCH. THEATRE DINNERS. SNACKS.

AMERICAN BAR

Manager: TIBON MOSTOSI.

EXTENSION—Tuesday. 'Phone: Regent 2371.

Café de la Paix

And Windsor Grill

99, Regent Street. Regent 2939 & 1939.

Lunch • • Cuisine par excellence
Dinner • • Dancing, Dare Lea.
Supper • • • Cabaret

Under personal supervision of BRUNI.

Swaebe

At Ciro's

André Baloch, the Hungarian violinist who plays so delightfully at Ciro's, addresses himself in true Hungarian style to one of the best-looking women in the room. He plays at dinner and after ten-thirty

Romano's

ROMANO'S was full of Ascot talk all last week, when those who had won on the day came in in the evening to celebrate, and those who had lost came to cheer themselves up; and all of them laid plans for beating Fortune next day. It 's a great Turf rendez-vous, is Romano's, and the air is humming with inside information, reliable and unreliable, round about the time of the big race-meetings. The theatrical world contributes its share to the particular Bohemian and sporting atmosphere of the place: chorus-girls and their swains, and managers and producers are equally frequenters, both of the restaurant downstairs and of the Roman's Club upstairs.

There is always a cabaret, but what form it takes this week was still a profound secret at the time of going to press. The management are strangely reticent—or, perhaps, vague—about their plans. However, the turns are of an excellent standard week by week, and always include some good dancing. Lou Preager and his band are established favourites.

No party is Complete without Gloag's "Grouse" Whisky

BUY IT
for its fragrant flavour, its medicinal value, its undoubted purity and age.

IT IS THE WHISKY
that you will always want to have.

Ask for it from your Wine Merchant, but if difficult to obtain, send 25/- to

Matthew Gloag & Son,
Perth,
for 2 bottles for trial, post free.

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH

Obtainable abroad from:—

S. RHODESIA - The "GROUSE" Agency, Box 678, Salisbury.
KENYA - - Jardin, Ltd., Nairobi & Mombasa.
Etc.

GIBRALTAR M. Baglietto.
JAMAICA - H. M. Kalphat, Kingston.
BERMUDA - J. E. Lightbourn & Co., Hamilton.
Etc.

At the Theatrical Garden Party

IN a corner set apart, a glimpse of Old Vienna—drifting through the trees, soft Gypsy music, calling back down the ages memories of a world long past.

It was a true Re-union in Vienna—modern men and women living again for a brief half-hour the happy life of long ago, with laughter and idle chatter beneath the trees, and cup after cup of fragrant, luscious coffee.

So simple-seeming is it, yet so hard of achievement, this reconstruction of an atmosphere, but a part at least is made easy for you, for Blue Danube Viennese Coffee, as served in the Lyric Enclosure, is a true Viennese Coffee, blended in the tradition of 300 years.

You will remember Blue Danube from the Austrian National Exhibition, and it is stocked by "all the best people," including THE ARMY & NAVY STORES, FORTNUM & MASON, JACKSON'S OF PICCADILLY, HARRODS, SELFRIDGE'S, ETC.

BLUE DANUBE
"Viennese Coffee"

Gloria Products Ltd., 12, Spring St., W.2.

Cool Spots for Hot Days

Popular Rendez-vous Out of Town

Written by Comyns Beaumont

Sketches by Rouson

Enjoying cool breezes in the garden of the Moorlands Hotel, Hindhead, 900 ft. above sea-level, where the air and scenery are perfect. The grounds extend over 10 acres

THE other day I saw in a newspaper that one of those brilliant meteorologists who forecast the weather with such ease had made the profound discovery that we were to anticipate a continuous and non-stop heat-wave to last until at least October. I feel, therefore, I am rendering a public service in telling you where to go and how to be able to keep cool in the most torrid circumstances. I shall assume, for the purposes of this discussion, that you who read this possess a car. Even if the old car licence has been taken away, as the cool spots are all easily accessible from London Green Line buses or the railway train will carry you thither with certainty and dispatch, and no fines for missing the signal of a police officer.

The Cool Spots! The Bright Spots!

THERE is a beauty at Aston Clinton, in Bucks, thirty-three miles from London, called the Howard Park Hotel. I choose this first, for several reasons. It was the first I visited along with the artist Rouson, and almost stopped there for good; secondly, it is on one of the best motor roads out of London, and lies between Tring and Aylesbury, in the heart of the rich grazing uplands. Thirdly, the Hotel was the old home of the Rothschild family, and has all the luxury of an abode of the rich, though very moderate in price. Besides these matters there are beautiful gardens and a park that stretches for miles, while good saddle-horses can be hired from the hotel at 5s. per hour. Last, but not least, Mr. Howard, the proprietor, has just laid out the very latest in the way of a bathing-pool, set amidst a glade of trees, and supplied with the purest water from a running stream. He has diving-boards and an enormous water-chute. It is one of the loveliest pools in England.

You can spend a hot day or a hot night in the Pool at Howard Park, and bless me for having recommended it. It is quiet, and reposeful, and I may add the Hotel is fully licensed. Elsewhere is Rouson's idea of Mr. Howard, who is really about six feet in height, but I am sure he will not bear any malice at his caricature for he is a genial live-wire.

The Swimming-pool at the Ace of Spades, Kingston By-Pass, where the water maintains a temperature of 75 degrees, and is open all night. The proud motto of the Ace is "We never close." Dancing in the Terrace (on the right) and Club Ballrooms continues until 3 a.m.

THE BELL House, at Beaconsfield, is deservedly one of the most popular in the South. It lies on the London-Oxford road, between Beaconsfield and Gerrard's Cross. Here is another cool spot, with a swimming-pool, spotlessly clean, and gay with colour. The Bell House is a restaurant, with a licence to serve drinks with meals until 11.30 p.m. There is a dinner-dance every night, one side the windows looking over the bathing-pool, and you can dance to the "Bell Buoys Band." There are tennis courts, and a sun-bathing rock-garden.

At this most dainty of cool resorts on hot

SWIM

where the water is pure

—and warmed to 75 degrees. Where there is ample parking and dressing accommodation; full restaurant service; and where the pools are always

OPEN ALL NIGHT

With dancing in the Terrace and Club Ballrooms on Kingston By-Pass till 3 a.m.

ACE OF SPADES

Kingston By-Pass *Gt. West Road*

The sun-bathing rock-garden at the Bell House, Beaconsfield, one of the daintiest of road-houses. There is bathing, lawn tennis, and a fully-licensed restaurant

THE HOWARD PARK HOTEL

ASTON CLINTON

Nr. Aylesbury, Bucks.

THE HOWARD PARK HOTEL has been opened on the site of the old home of the Rothschilds, and is situate thirty miles to the North of London on the main Aylesbury - Birmingham Road. The Park land surrounding the property has been laid out by the Rothschild family in a most charming and exquisite manner, containing ornamental waters, specimen trees and excellent hard tennis courts. The entrance is of a specially magnificent nature, and its adjacent building provides ample garaging for cars. The building itself contains public rooms, decorated with a wealth which one would expect to find in a mansion which has been built primarily for a millionaire family. A week-end spent in these luxurious, quiet surroundings is well spent, and the hours will slip by all too quickly in the restful atmosphere, broken by an occasional dance in the wonderful oak ballroom contained in the hotel. Cuisine is of the finest, and service and comfort are guaranteed by my personal pledge.

From the year 1853
SIR ANTHONY and LADY de ROTHSCHILD made their home in this house; it was in 1923 that the last members of their family left, carrying with them the happy memories of 70 years.

Three GOLF COURSES, ten mins. from Hotel
DANCING — TENNIS

All rooms are equipped in most modern manner. Hot and cold water in each room, private telephone room service, central heating, fires in each room and modern lighting.

Latest Attraction:—

SWIMMING POOL

Set in

Beautiful Woods

'Phone: ASTON CLINTON 51

Weekly terms for summer, 6 - 8 gns. inclusive.

A corner of the Spinning Wheel, near Broxbourne, Herts, a road-house which, with the St. Cross Hotel adjoining, is proving very popular. The water is drawn from private sources and is warmed

OF course, when we are talking of bathing-pools and clubs, it is inevitable to remind you, if needed, that the Ace of Spades, in the Kingston By-Pass, is going very strong. No one can pass it without feeling the magnet that draws you inside. The bathing-pool is in use any hour of the day or night, for the Ace of Spades is never closed in its service of garage, restaurant, and bathing. Dancing takes place nightly to Chandler's Band, and visitors to the Club can dine on the terrace or in the restaurant facing the swimming-pool, and bathe or dance as the fancy takes them. It is almost the first of the road-houses, and certainly the best known.

THE ACE OF SPADES, under the same management, in the Great West Road, are preparing to open a new swimming-pool there on July 7, when there will be big whoopee made. Both of these road-houses began as luxury petrol stations, and then started small cafés for the convenience of their customers, which have to-day grown to such big under-days, for 10s. 6d. one can purchase a day ticket to include, besides bathing for as long as one likes, luncheon, tea, and dinner. Altogether, the Bell House is a friendly place, and if you can pass it without dropping in, it is more than I can. Supper dance on Saturday costs 4s. 6d.

IF you are going southwards, there is, at Staines, just across the river bridge on the left, a famous old house with great elms, called the Ann Boleyn. Here, again, in the capacious grounds, is a very fine swimming-pool, with enough filtration machinery to warm the cockles of even the cleansing expert on the *Daily Mail*. Mrs. Val Prince, the proprietress of the Ann Boleyn, has taken immense pains to popularise this resort, and once the public know of it lying snug there they will realise a good thing. There is here a club attached to the Hotel, with a dance-room, card-room, and a first-class new cocktail bar. It only costs 5s. to join the Club, and the price of a swim in this sparkling bath is one shilling.

The Cocktail Bar at the Ann Boleyn, an old house with capacious grounds, at Staines, just off the main road to Winchester and the south-west. It has the latest thing in swimming-pools

Anne Boleyn

Hotel and Restaurant, The Hythe, Staines.

Delightful Old World House and Garden situated at the foot of Staines Bridge, close to the river.

Luncheons, Teas, Dinners.

Swimming Pool. Modern Filtration.

Proprietress: Mrs. Val Prince.

Telephone: 439 Staines

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THE Bell House Restaurant is situated on the main London-Oxford Road, in the heart of the Chilterns. We intend the "Bell House" to be to all its visitors a perfect rendezvous, a holiday resort in miniature. It has a swimming-bath that is as suitable for expert divers and swimmers as it is for children. In the ball-room you can dance whenever you please. Our chef provides meals such as can be obtained only in the best of London restaurants. There is a beautiful garden and tennis courts . . . in fact, a place where you can forget the cares and troubles of the world for an hour or for a day.

SUPPER HOUR EXTENSION OF LICENCE.

COME AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN!

THE BELL HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD

Over the cross-roads at Gerrard's Cross . . . on the left from London.

A glimpse of the Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, in the heart of the Surrey pine-woods. Its cuisine, wines, and cocktails are unbeatable. A famous Bohemian resort

takings. I take off my hat to the two Aces of Spades which have helped to make life brighter and hot days and nights cooler when required.

ANOTHER swimming-pool you might like to hear about is the Spinning Wheel, at Hoddesdon, near Broxbourne, Herts, four miles this side of Hertford. I feel I am helping a good cause in suggesting to BYSTANDER readers that they should make a call here. Mr. Jebb, the proprietor, and a Cambridge University man, first of all turned the family mansion, with exquisite grounds which fringe on the New River, into the St. Cross Hotel, and then gave his attention to the Spinning Wheel. Like all proprietors of bathing-pools, I found him absorbed in his filtration plant, the proportion of chlorine, and so on, and obtaining perfection of temperature and purity. Go and see what he has made of it, sun-bath on the terraces, try his own home-made ices, and do not forget that at

A snapshot of the diving-board at the Howard Park Hotel, Aston Clinton, where a new bathing-pool was recently opened

THE HAUTBOY

OCKHAM (near Ripley) SURREY

In one of the most Beautiful Spots near London.

OLD-WORLD GARDEN

UNIQUE DINING ROOM

Good English Cooking

BEST COCKTAILS ON THE ROAD

Tel.: Ripley 20

900 Feet up — yet only 40 miles from Town!

Come up to the Moorlands Hotel at Hindhead —and breathe the freshest air in Southern England! Rest in its pine-filled gardens . . . play on its hard courts . . . enjoy good golf and riding in the loveliest English countryside.

Lift, Hot and Cold Running Water. Electric Fires in all bedrooms.

Tariff and information from G. Branchini

MOORLANDS HOTEL, HINDHEAD, SURREY

TEL.: HINDHEAD 10

Tel.: HODDESDON 600

THE ST. CROSS HOTEL and COUNTRY CLUB, HODDESDON, HERTS

In the heart of the country offers to residents every facility for sport and recreation, including free squash. Terms as low as 3½ gns. weekly. London is only 17 miles away, or half-an-hour's train journey from Liverpool Street. A glance at the booklet obtainable from the Manager, Mr. B. Jebb, will convince you that this is an ideal place for you to live.

But if you *must* live in town, you will certainly be longing for a breath of country air on these hot summer evenings. Do you know this swimming-pool, just off the new Cambridge road, set amid trees right in the country; open till 1.0 a.m.? The water is scientifically purified and kept at an even temperature of 70°. There is dancing to a London band, and the most mouth-watering refreshments to tempt you. The name?

THE SPINNING WHEEL, BROXBOURNE, HERTS

Tel.: HODDESDON 601

the St. Cross Hotel you can lunch, dine and wine most excellently, and that you can play tennis, or squash, or ride, and all very reasonably. One other point to be remembered—Mr. Jebb pumps his water from a deep, never-ending well on his own property, so his is the purest water obtainable. He is very proud of this.

From the swimming-pool aspect, for those who do not care for that method of keeping cool and prefer other ways, I propose another jaunt, out on the Portsmouth Road this time, where, near Ripley, stands, the little, old-world village of Ockham. The Hautboy Hotel may be approached by taking the road on the left, just before reaching the Hut, at Wisley, and after a drive of about two miles through a lovely pine-wood and country lanes, the Hautboy lures you in.

Now, what is there about the Hautboy that makes it worth motoring to from London on any day of the week? It has lovely gardens, lies in the heart of Surrey, and is a backwater of rest and beauty from the noise and dust of cities and roads. It has an exquisite restaurant, like the refectory of a monastery, where attractive waitresses serve a delicious dinner on small tables with large silver candlesticks and silver entrée dishes. Rest and quiet and coolness, a first-class dinner costing only 6s. 6d., and the finest of cellars—what more can the heart of man desire? If any other inducement is needed, go and meet Mr. Raymond Adams, the proprietor, a man who has travelled everywhere (and still does) and knows everybody. He is delightful company, and it is not surprising that all sorts of famous people are to be met with at the Hautboy.

Our artist's impression of Mr. Howard, of the Howard Park Hotel, Aston Clinton, Bucks, watching with paternal interest the flooding of his new bathing-pool

Further afield yet comes the Moorlands Hotel, at Hindhead. It is about forty miles from London, but there are many miles where you can let your car out, and it is a joy driving round the Devil's Punch Bowl. The air at Hindhead, about 900 feet above sea-level, is bracing and healthy, the scenery divine, and the relief from the stuffiness of the valley is exhilarating. There, at Hindhead, on the Portsmouth Road, is Moorlands Hotel, famed for long for its cuisine and as the centre of a district full of attractions. It gives almost the impression of a hotel set down on a Scottish moor, but you will find in its gardens a pleasant sense of comfort and homelike repose. On these hot days Hindhead should not be missed by any who can make it, and the drive home in the star-spangled night is delightful. The hotel grounds cover some ten acres and the hotel is the rendez-vous of many famous persons.

These are only a few of many cool spots for hot days. I have a memory of the Berkeley Arms Hotel, on the Great West Road, with its gay dinner tables out of doors, dancing, and the very popular Conti family who run it. There is also—but I must return to this subject another time.

Switzerland for inexpensive holidays

PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present-day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Offices (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

SPECIAL REDUCTION of 30%

on their ordinary return and circular tickets, from the Swiss frontier to inland stations, **issued in Great Britain,** provided the passenger stays in Switzerland for at least seven days.

Write for particulars and descriptive literature to the

Swiss Federal Railways

11B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

or to the principal Travel Agencies.

Express trains with through carriages from all parts roar along the international

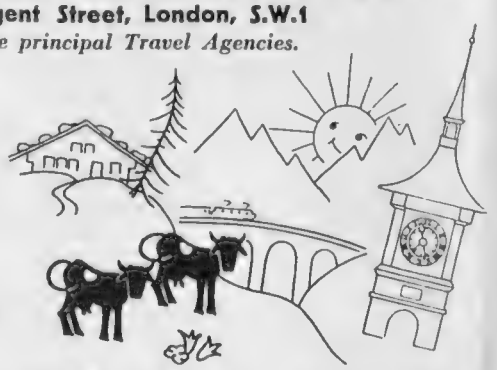
BERNE-LÖTSCHBERG-SIMPLON LINE

leading to Italy and the Riviera, into the

BERNESE-OBERLAND

neighbouring Valais and the south. At

BERNE—charming old-world Federal City and gateway into the Bernese Highlands, the "Alpar" 'planes take off for their flight across the Alps via Gurnigel and the foot-hills. The whole Alpine chain comes into view at Thun, and the blue lakes of Thun and Brienz are the fairways into the Oberhasli, through Interlaken to the Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen valleys and to Mürren and Wengen—even to the eternal snows and the Jungfraujoch, highest railway station in Europe. Spiez is the starting-point for Kandersteg, Adelboden and the pastoral Simmen valley, with Gstaad in the smiling Saanen district. Funicular railways ascend many peaks, where views of the grandest and most beautiful mountains in the World are afforded.



See Switzerland this year!

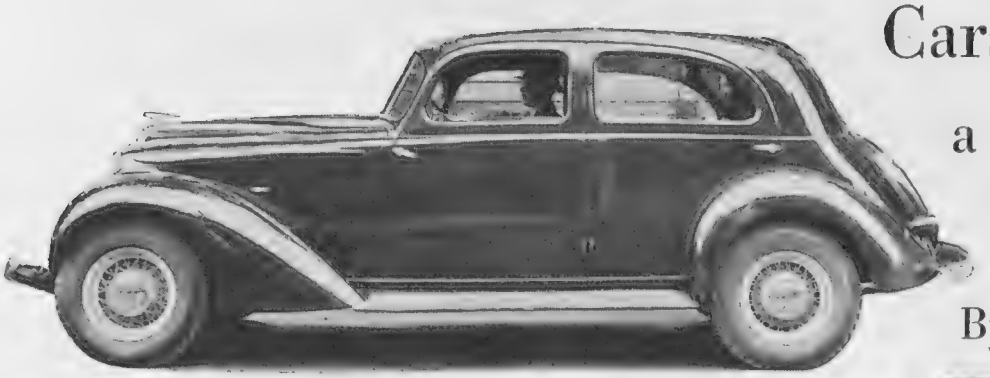
FASTEST ON EARTH

WORLD'S FASTEST LAND SPEED
WORLD'S FASTEST AIR RACE
WORLD'S FASTEST 'BABY' CAR
BRITAIN'S FASTEST TRACK RACE
BRITAIN'S FASTEST ROAD RACE

What do these epic achievements mean to you—the motorist? They mean that the same experience which produced the special fuels upon which these records were attained guarantees the superiority of Pratts Ethyl petrol for your car—promises you a bigger speed range, better climbing, and higher mileage than you have ever had before.

PRATTS ETHYL

Pratts ETHYL



Cars with a Personality

The 30-h.p. Stream-lined Hupmobile

By the Earl of Cardigan

The new Hupmobile has been very carefully stream-lined. While perfect results are not possible with a front-engined chassis, a very high degree of success has been attained in minimising wind-resistance

ONE can hardly fail to commence a review of the new Hupmobile with some reference to its carefully stream-lined "aerodynamic" form. This is easily the first feature of the car to rivet a motorist's attention.

A separate article could, of course, easily be written on the subject of stream-lining; but it must suffice to say that, in so far as a front-engined car can ever be well stream-lined, this Hupmobile certainly is so. Until manufacturers agree to place the engine at the back, it is unlikely that we shall see a better example of wind-cheating lines.

A VERY admirable point is that the coachwork is thoroughly comfortable and roomy. (European builders of "sporting" coachwork, please copy!) There is plenty of head-room, and the wide doors make it easy to slip in and out. The saloon model is described as a six-seater, and it genuinely is so. There is a single front seat on which three people can sit quite comfortably abreast, and equally spacious conditions at the back.

Unfortunately, the car which I tested was not fully "run in," so that actual figures relative to its performance are difficult to give. There could be no question, however, as to the smoothness, power and flexibility of the big six-cylinder engine. Acceleration proved to be very good indeed, and 75 m.p.h. may be quoted

(Continued on page iv

The front view of the car is both pleasing and impressive. The unusual design of windscreen should be noted. A good feature is that the driver has a very wide, uninterrupted field of vision, which is a point that makes for safety

Who *are* those people?

Look a bit out of date, don't they? Hardly more so, though, than a present-day traveller looks carrying an old-fashioned, non-expanding suitcase. Yet pre-Revelation die-hards still exist.

Where do they come from? What queer mentalities—oblivious to modern comforts, they don't know the joy of having a suitcase which has always room for more—which for a week-end is small and compact—for a month is large and capacious.

Always smart—always admired. The name Revelation on a suitcase is the hall-mark of the up-to-date traveller.

30 DIFFERENT MODELS

13'6 to 13 Gns.

OF ALL STORES, LUGGAGE DEALERS

and

Revelation Suitcase Co., Ltd., 170, Piccadilly, W.1

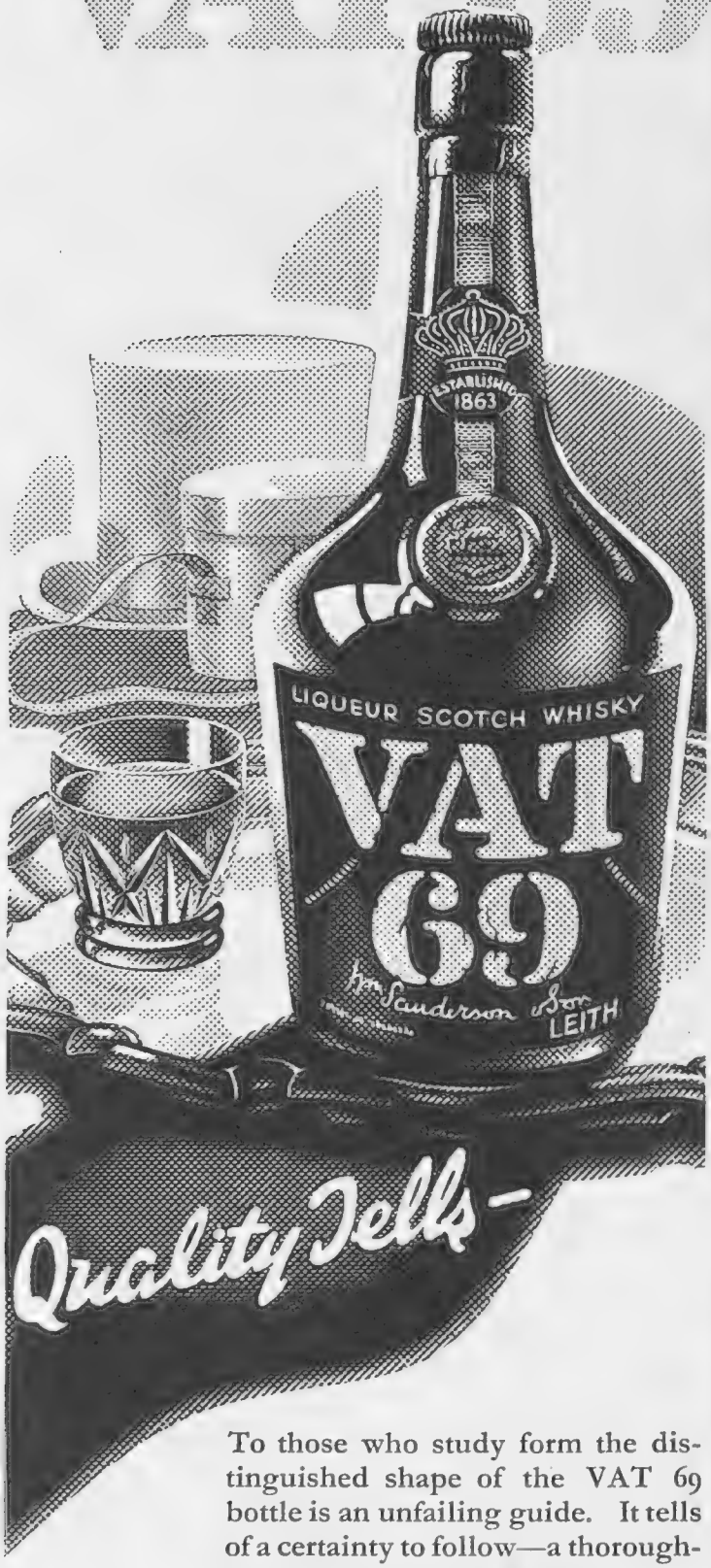
REVELATION

"The Suitcase that adjusts itself"

(Revelation Supplies Ltd., London)

CAR
INSTRUC
BOO
"DRAIN THE SUMP REGULARLY"
"REFILL WITH WAKEFIELD CASTROL"
38 out of the 43 British
Motor Car
Makers say
WAKEFIELD
Castrol
MOTOR OIL
C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

VAT 69



To those who study form the distinguished shape of the VAT 69 bottle is an unfailing guide. It tells of a certainty to follow—a thoroughbred liqueur Scotch Whisky.

Willing

. . . but there is something that neither the bottle nor the whisky tells you . . something that Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere are glad to tell you . . VAT 69 costs only 12/6.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY

Sanderson's

Cars with a Personality *(Continued from page ii)*

The seating arrangements are extremely comfortable, and the doors are of ample width. Owing to the use of a single front seat, six people can quite easily be accommodated

as a reasonable estimate of the maximum speed to be attained in top gear.

The gear-box provides three speeds, and, with so powerful an engine, there is no real need for more. Both top and second gears are of the synchro-mesh type, and can be engaged with absolute certainty and silence. Speeds up to 45 m.p.h. can be reached in the lower of these ratios, and very vigorous climbing power is available for those rare occasions when a change " down " is called for.

THE steering is interesting, for it provides an exceptionally good lock for so large a car. It is also very low geared. This latter feature is no doubt largely responsible for the extreme lightness of the steering action; but it also has the effect of causing the driver to rotate the wheel several times in making an acute turn. This is the more noticeable, since self-centring action is slight.

The brakes are good and powerful, with an agreeably progressive action. Of the springing, one could only form an estimate. My impression of it, however, was extremely favourable. The car was certainly most comfortably sprung at low speeds, and gave promise of being very steady, and of holding the road well when travelling fast.

ALTOGETHER, this new Hupmobile, which is moderately priced, is an attractive proposition. It has features which are novel and progressive, but in no respect can it be considered " freakish." Its comfortable size and ample power should secure for it a very favourable reception in this country.

Specially fitted suit-cases are a luxurious feature of the Hupmobile luggage locker. There is, in addition, space for a good deal of baggage, which can be easily got at

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX
(REG TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

for Summer Colds

A cold in the summer time is intensely disagreeable, and the prevalence of dust renders a cure difficult—unless "Vapex" is used. "Vapex" soothes, cleanses and protects the inflamed mucous membrane of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the germ-killing vapour.

All Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.
V.20.

Eat and enjoy Home Farm Dainties. Hampers each containing:—One Roasting Fowl (Dressed), One 1½-lb. Pork Pie, 1 lb. Best Pork Sausage, 2 lb. Home-Fed Ham, 11/6 each.
Home-Fed Hams, 14 to 28 lb. each, 1/7 lb.
All Super quality, quick dispatch, Carriage paid.
H. Dawson, Stearsby Hall, Brandsby, York.

How to Dress Well

on small payments that pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure.
Open a Credit Account with Smartwear. No deposit, no References required, even from non-householders. Write for Ladies' beautifully illustrated catalogue to

Smartwear Ltd
263-271 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Phone Mayfair 6241-6.
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Belfast.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 6" 5½" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (P.O. Box 15.)

NOVIO
TOILET PAPER
Rolls, Packets & Cartons —most economical.
Sold everywhere.
THIN Soft Strong Silky
See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907

NO RHEUMATISM
troubles those diners who aid their digestion with
MATTONI
(Giesshübler)
NATURAL MINERAL WATER
Fresh from the Springs bei Carlsbad.
(Obtainable at all Restaurants.)

"AUTOMAX" PRINTS 3½"×2½"
FROM LEICA AND OTHER MINIATURE NEGS
2/- PER DOZ.
LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST
WALLACE HEATON LTD
110, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The universally renowned Casino of

DEAUVILLE
IN NORMANDY

THREE PALATIAL HOTELS AT PRICES THAT ARE AGREEABLE
★ ROYAL HOTEL ★ NORMANDY HOTEL
★ HOTEL DU GOLF F. ANDRÉ (MANAGING DIRECTOR)

Fly in 90 Minutes

from LONDON to DEAUVILLE in multi-engined air liners. Starting JULY 12th, until SEPT. 3rd ★

Regular Daily Departures

● DEP.: Victoria Coach Station, 10.15 a.m. Heston, 11 a.m. ● ARR.: Deauville (St. Gatien), 12.30 p.m. ● For reservation apply to ● BANCO, Heston Airport, Middlesex. Tel. Hayes 118 or ● Grosvenor House, Park Lane, LONDON

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this NATURAL Mineral Water which is world-famous for its health-giving properties and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander,
weekly for ——— *months*
commencing with the issue of
———
for which I enclose ———
Name ———
Address ———
Date ——— 1934.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
by Rejuvenation of the Skin from within

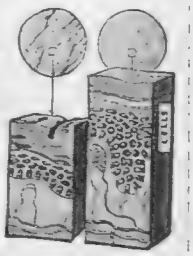
Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions, and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to regain and retain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics in the world.

After 16 years of scientific research the world-famous skin specialist, Dr. F. J. Kapp, discovered the way to combat all the undesirable changes of an ageing skin. He embodied his discovery in a preparation now known as "W-5" BRAND TABLETS. It is the first and so far the only one to rebuild the skin from within—to rejuvenate it. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this rejuvenating process.

Left section shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Right section shows skin after treatment with W-5: surface smooth and firm: rich active tissue: increased rows of cells: improved nutrition, and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



A most interesting and beautifully illustrated book explains this important discovery. It tells you everything about the skin and its rejuvenation by "W-5" Brand Tablets. **This book should be in the hands of every reader** and will be sent gratis and post free. (*See coupon below.*)

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK
To Gelty Distributing Co.,
156-160, Oxford Street, W.1

W-5 BRAND TABLETS
Price 21/- per box.

W-5 br. tabs. obtainable from John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore Street, Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143 New Bond St., all branches of BOOTS, Lewis & Burrows, Heppells, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Army & Navy, and from all first-class Chemists or direct from the distributors.

COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Send this coupon for FREE BOOK to the Gelty Distributing Co, 156-160, Oxford St., W.1

Name .....
State Mr., Mrs., or Miss.
Address .....
.....
Print in block letters. B. 26/6/34.

The Editor's Box

Norway in Summer

The charm of Norway for a summer holiday, with its fine climate and its magnificent scenery—fjords, mountains, valleys, rapid-flowing rivers, crystal-clear lakes and upland plains, is very great, and it is brought quite near to intending visitors from this country by the B. and N. Royal Mail Line, which maintains a bi-weekly service between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Bergen, occupying only nineteen hours as regards the open sea passage, and twenty-one from port to port. Express trains of the London and North-Eastern Railway convey passengers from King's Cross to Newcastle-on-Tyne in five hours, and thus the whole journey from London to Bergen is only just over a day and a night; moreover, the vessel on this run, the m.v. Venus, is of 7000 tons—the largest vessel engaged in the Continental traffic—and has the appointments of a liner, with a large number of single-berth cabins. The B. and N. Line, 25, Whitehall, S.W.1, issue very attractive brochures, which may be had on application, describing specimen inclusive-charge tours in Norway by rail, motor-coach and steamer, and others by private car, a great attraction here being the free conveyance of the motor-car between Newcastle and Bergen when the number of passengers accompanying the car is not less than three. Norway has good hotels and an exchange in favour of visitors.

Their Day Out

Every year the employees of Carreras, Ltd.—the famous tobacco manufacturers—are given a whole day's outing by the Directors. This year Margate was again selected, and five special trains carried the huge party to the sea. Luncheon was served in a special marquee over 440 feet long. The picture on the right shows two of the staff enjoying donkey rides on the sands.

Celebrities Abroad

Left: Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, M.P., at Bad Nauheim. He is taking the waters there

Right: the Rt. Hon. Lord Braye, a passenger on the Orient liner Orontes, making a cruise in the Mediterranean

Their Day Out

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

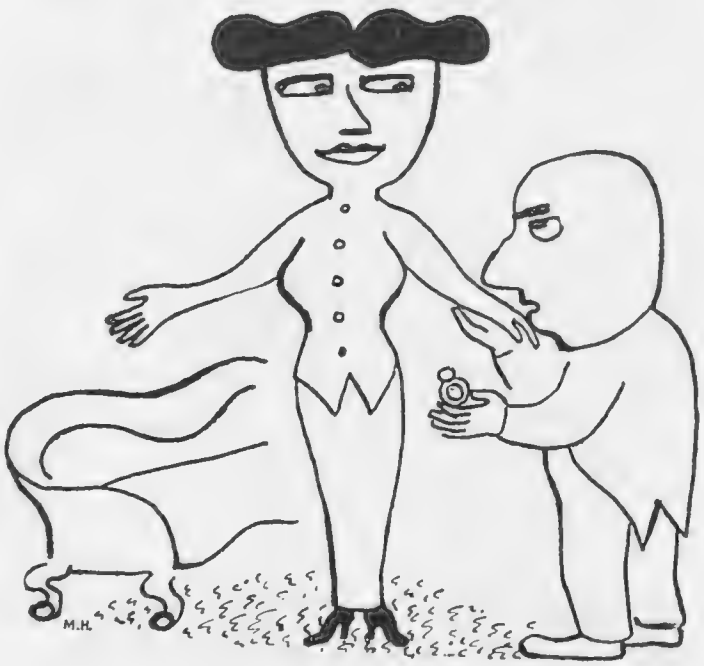
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JUNE

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

"L.S.D" said the lady when he proposed to her MEANING— Let's Sit Down!



"BP" said the Motorist, meaning the Best Possible petrol mixed with Ethyl fluid, which is the finest known anti-knock specific.

BP ETHYL

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Tuesday, June 26, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Temple Bar 3161.
Commencing, Monday, July 9th. Evenings at 8.30; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2.30.
LA NIJINSKA'S RUSSIAN BALLET
Artistic Director—**ALBERT COATES.**

HOTELS.

OVERLOOKING THE CHANNEL.
Gaining the full benefit of the bracing sea-air and yet pleasantly sheltered, the Royal Victoria is in the ideal situation for a summer holiday hotel. Modern, central—with cuisine and service which have become famous—its air of quiet luxury suggests that it might be expensive—whereas the inclusive weekly tariff is only 4½ gns.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL. *'Phone: Hastings 869*

GRAND HOTEL, HARROGATE
Personal attention and efficient service enhance the enjoyment of the perfect cuisine and wines of the Grand, and the luxurious comfort of its appointments. Orchestra and exclusive entertainments, dancing in Ballroom on Saturdays, and Floral Restaurant on Wednesdays. Covered Sun Walk leads direct from Hotel to Pump Room.
Inclusive terms and brochure with pleasure from the Manager.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS AND RESORTS.

HOTEL ATALA
Champs-Elysées,
10, rue Chateaubriand,
Paris.
The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquillity allied to a pretty garden.
Tel.: Balzac 01-62, 01-65. *Telgr. Addr.: OTELATAL.*

ÉTRETAT. GOLF HOTELS
Facing Sea. Open all year. All comfort. 120 rooms. Famous cuisine. From Fs. 50 day. Apply to B, Golf Hotels.

JUAN-LES-PINS-ANTIBES
(FRENCH RIVIERA)
IDEAL SUMMER BEACH

RÖMERBERG-FESTIVAL PLAYS, 1934
Frankfort-on-Main — July-September
Repertory: Schiller: Wallenstein
Schiller: Jungfrau von Orleans
Kleist: Käthchen von Heilbronn
In two seasons 120,000 enthusiastic visitors.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.
BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

THE new Grecian note in hairdressing has already captured the hearts of many smart leaders of Fashion, who are enthusiastic about it. We give you an example of the new fashion at its best.
EXCLUSIVE SERVICE is Yours Throughout Your Visit.
The finest Permanent Treatments ● Postiche ● Dyeing ● Tinting ● Unsurpassed Beauty Treatments ● Modern Manicure ● Eyelashes, etc.
EMILE LTD.
24/25, CONDUIT STREET, W.1
'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). Telegrams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."

IRELAND IS NEXT DOOR

Only a narrow strip of water separates you from the Irish Free State—three hours on a fine big boat and you can be there with a new world to explore. The Golden Vale of Tipperary, the hills of Connemara, the silver reaches of the Shannon, are still as unspoilt as they were a thousand years ago. The only difference is that now there are plenty of excellent hotels and plenty of first-class golf courses.

IRELAND

Write for the Great Southern Railway's Special Folders—Seven-Day Contract Tickets; "All-In" Tours, including Rail, Motor, Sightseeing and Hotels.

FAMOUS BEAUTY RESORTS

BALLYBUNION
KILKEE
LISDOONVARNA
BRAY
GLENDALOUGH
AVOCA
ROSSLARE STRAND
TRAMORE
PARKNASILLA
KILLARNEY
YOUGHAL
GLENGARRIFF
SLIGO
CONNEMARA
GALWAY

Guides and particulars of Holiday Tickets and Tourist Fares from Paddington or Euston Stations, or from any L M S or G.W. Station, Office or Agency.

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion, as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse. 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MEETING AT NIGHT.—Roger Livesey as a record-breaking airman, Leonora Corbett as a publicity-hunting Society beauty, and lots of rather uncontrolled journalists and gossip-hunters: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary, Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glen Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8, matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VILLAGE WOOING.—Shaw at his gayest, admirably played by Sybil Thorndike and Arthur Wontner, coupled with *The Little Man*, a satirical trifle by Galsworthy: Little, 8.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps, witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Scala, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CLEO CALLING!—A comedy by William Trear, with Oscar Asche, Harold Warrender, Abraham Sofaer, Marcelle Rogez: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmond Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—A comedy of "bundling" in Declaration-of-Independence America, delightfully acted by the successful New York cast, with Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart as heroine and hero: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

RICHARD III.—The O.U.D.S. production comes to London: Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, to-night.

MEN IN WHITE.—Sidney Kingsley's Pulitzer Prize play, with a cast of doctors and all scenes set in a hospital, is given in aid of St. George's Hospital on its first night: Lyric, June 28th.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BLACK MAGIC.—A picture of the natives of Bali—their life, customs, superstitions—with a love-story interwoven: Polytechnic.

CHANGE OF HEART.—The new Janet Gaynor—Charles Farrell film is for the sentimental romantics: Capitol.

EVER GREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: New Gallery.

GIRL IN PAWN.—Shirley Temple, a wonderful child actor, is the heroine; Adolph Menjou as the bookmaker with whom the small girl is left as security for a debt: Plaza.

HI, NELLIE!—Paul Muni as "heart-throbs" Editor of a newspaper, who makes a big scoop and gets his girl (Glenda Farrell) by unravelling a racket; thrills, comedy, and good acting: Regal.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

IT 'S A COP.—Sydney Howard's latest bit of humour and nonsense: Leicester Square Theatre.

LIEBES KOMMANDO.—A Viennese comedy, with Dolly Haas as the girl who served in an Austrian regiment, and Gustav Froeblich as the man she falls in love with: Academy.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES.—A musical-comedy thriller, with a murder, excellent comedy and lots of girls and music woven into the well-fitting plot; Victor Maclaglen, Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle: Carlton.

THE THIN MAN.—Melodramatic stuff, with William Powell, Myrna Loy and Maureen O'Sullivan: Empire.

TOGETHER WE TWO.—Annabella in a less successful film than those René Clair made for her. *The Guardsman*, the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne film, thoroughly merits this revival: Curzon.

MUSIC

ADILA FACHIRI, KATHLEEN LONG AND RENÉ LE ROY.—Assisted by the Boyd Neel String Orchestra: Wigmore Hall, June 26th, 8.30.

MARIA MAROVA.—The Russian soprano gives a recital: Grotrian Hall, June 26th, 8.45.

LILY ZAETNER.—Gives her only lieder recital: Wigmore Hall, June 27th, 8.30.

MARY LIND.—Song recital, assisted by Maurice Cole at the piano: Aeolian Hall, June 27th, 8.30.

VITYA VRONSKY.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, June 28th, 8.30.

RAY LEV.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, June 28th, 8.30.

SCOTT MALCOLM AND REGINALD GODDEN.—Recital of works for two pianos: Wigmore Hall, June 29th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Pearl Rivers and some girls in a song-and-dance show, and E. Lepore, the Italian tenor, sings; Louis Simmonds and his band play.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there 's always a good cabaret.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker makes new "fans" every night; Howard Jacobs and his band make dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy, as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Lucienne Boyer is now singing here. Jack Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Haschen Khan, the French singer, appears at midnight; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

(*Continued on page* D)

SWIM in SAFETY
at **The Gay Adventure** Swimming Pool. Water sterilised by new electric process. No chlorine used. Warmed and filtered. Lunch, Dinner, Dance, Supper, Breakfast. Bring your bottles for any meal at any hour. The Roadhouse in a lovely garden by the river—between Esher and Walton. *'Phone: Esher* 111.

THE FASHION FEATURE OF UNIQUE INTEREST

GOWNS
FURS
MILLINERY
TAILOR SUITS
KNITWEAR &
CHILDREN'S
CLOTHES

Fur Capes : The vogue for the AUTUMN

. . .

Pine Marten
Fur cape in shaded pine marten of finest quality. Original price 59 gns.
SALE PRICE 29 gns.

The Debenham Stocktaking SALE and Fur Sale

JULY 2nd to 21st

A unique opportunity of obtaining the distinctive and exclusive productions of the House at exceptional reductions on the season's prices. Debenhams' Sale is only

ONCE A SEASON

therefore the Bargains offered are of a distinctly interesting character

Many advanced models are included for the Autumn at advantageous prices; adding greatly to the fashion interest of the Sale

A detailed Sale Catalogue has been prepared and will be sent in response to enquiries

Ripple Satin . . .
Lovely Tea Gown in heavy ripple satin, the bodice crosses front and ties into long ends at back. Moulded hip-line and full exaggerated sleeves gathered into waistband. In good colours. Actual value 8½ gns.
SALE PRICE £5

A Two-Piece Bargain . . .
Made in Morespun, this tailored two-piece suit is particularly well cut, the dress in check material with full length unlined coat of plain material to tone, with check scarf. In blue, rose, beige and other shades.
SALE PRICE £7 10 0

Debenham&Freebody

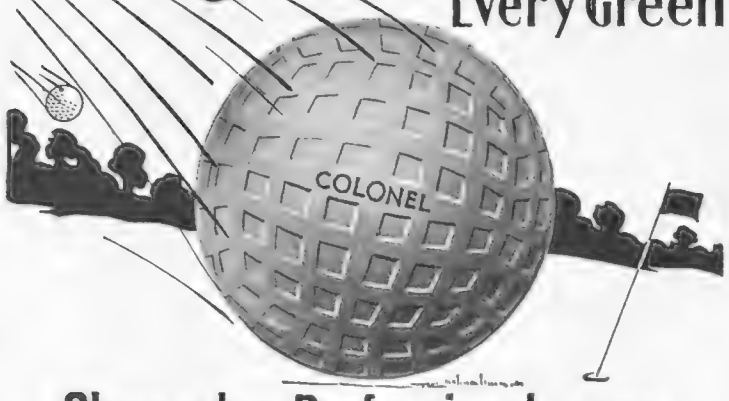
WIGMORE STREET, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)

The 'Colonel'

First on Every Green



Gleneagles Professional says:

"It is my considered opinion that the 1934 COLONEL Ball does carry at least FIVE yards farther than any other ball."

GORDON LOCKHART.

The Guillotine Test ● *Balls are daily placed in wooden cup, a heavily-loaded knife falls vertically. The "Colonel" sustains surface cut, other well-known balls cut to winding!*

Made and guaranteed by:

St Mungo Manufacturing Co Ltd ● Glasgow ● Scotland

Hoxats

What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band: cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful, old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sunbathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sunbathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HOWARD PARK, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis; special arrangements for guests arriving by aeroplane.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SPINNING WHEEL, and St. Cross Hotel, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

PAGEANTRY AND EXHIBITIONS

PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT.—From feudal days to our modern "talking-shop": Albert Hall, from June 29th.

ROYAL AIR FORCE PAGEANT.—The best thrills of the year: Hendon, June 30th.

COUNTRY DANCING.—Display of a sport that ought to become more fashionable: Hyde Park, June 30th.

HERALDS' COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION, 1084—1934: All about coats-of-arms and crests: Herald's College, from June 28th.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW: Ranelagh, June 26th—28th.

NATIONAL ROSE SHOW: Chelsea, June 29th—30th.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House.

SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS: Royal Institute Galleries.

RODEO.—White City, daily at 3.0, Mon., Wed., Fri., 8.30.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: Olympia, to June 30th.

SPORT

CRICKET.—England v. Australia, last day of Second Test Match: Lord's, to-day.

Australia v. Surrey: Oval, June 30th

Cricket Week: Tunbridge Wells, from June 30th.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Championships: Wimbledon, to July 7th.

GOLF.—Open Championship: Royal St George's, Sandwich, to June 29th.

POLO.—Hurlingham Champion Cup: Hurlingham, to June 30th.

Ranelagh Novices Challenge Cup: Ranelagh, to June 30th.

India v. Hurlingham: Hurlingham, July 2nd

Invitation Tournament: Ranelagh, July 2nd

RACING.—Sandown Park: June 27th—28th

By Appointment. By Appointment.

Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

LILAC
JASMINE
CARNATION
ROSE GERANIUM

Floris, Perfumer

89, Jermyn Street, London

Readers of

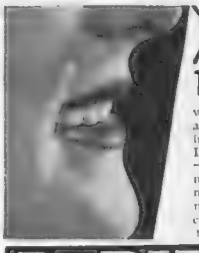
THE SPHERE

are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment — in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON



YOU CAN AFFORD TO SMILE

when you have teeth as white as mine . . . And here's the little secret of their whiteness. Liquid dentifrice—Dr Pierre's—fragrant oils of cinnamon, mint, cloves, and aniseed . . . marvellously refreshing in the mouth . . . cleans every cavity . . . more antiseptic than chemicals, too

Dr. PIERRE'S Liquid DENTIFRICE

A Dentifrice for the Discriminating. Sold by Chemists and High-Class Stores at 2/-, 3/6, 5/6, 8/6, or post free from: SAVORY & MOORE, LTD., 61, WELBECK STREET, W.1

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY
7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1.

HARVEY NICHOLS
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

summer sale

FOR A FREE COPY of the new, 96-page, illustrated sale book of bargains in fashions, fabrics, furnishings, rugs and carpets, please write to Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1, or telephone Sloane 3440.

V.P. models and other knit dresses, reduced from 5 and 7 gns to 65/-
Nightdresses of pastel-coloured super locknit, specially priced, 10/6
Silk stockings of fine gauge with lace clox, reduced from 8/11 to 4/11
Jacket-frocks for s. women, in summer prints. Specially priced, 98/6
Hats in summer straws, originally 2 and 3 gns. Sale price, 10/6
Cami-shirts of super-locknit, for sportswear, were 17/11. Now 11/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., LONDON, S.W.1. SLOANE 3440

BEWARE of Skin Ills! USE

Many minor skin troubles, if neglected, may become serious. At the first sign of redness, roughness, itching, burning, pimples, rashes or eczema start using **Cuticura Soap** and **Cuticura Ointment**. Bathe with the Soap and hot water, dry gently and anoint with the Ointment. Note how quickly your skin is soothed and restored to a healthy condition.

SOAP 1s.

OINTMENT 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

DISCRIMINATING TRAVELLERS USE

DEAN & DAWSON LTD

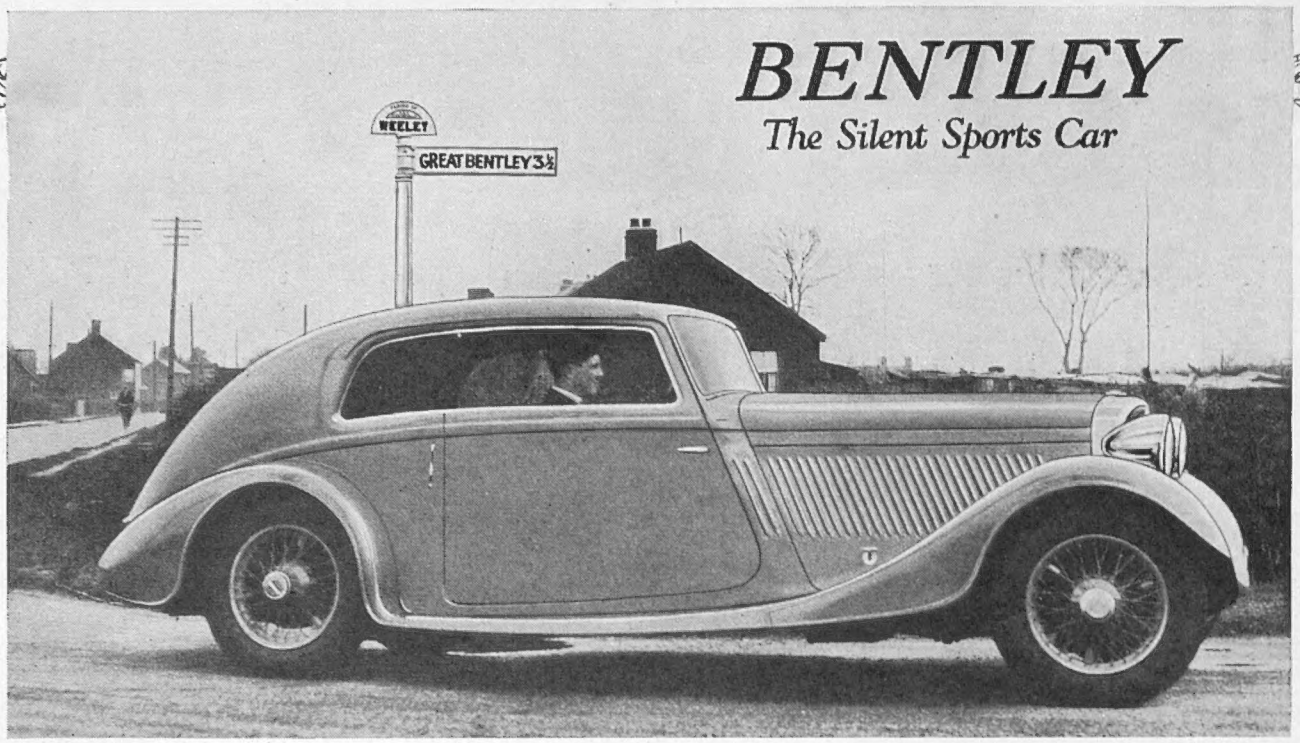
81 PICCADILLY, W.1 Phone: Grosvenor 2873-6
AND BRANCHES

An Illustrated Catalogue of RIDING OUTFITS for Men, Women and Children will be sent on request.

MOSS BROS
& CO. LTD.
COVENT GARDEN
(CORNER OF KING ST. & BEDFORD ST.), W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines).

BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car



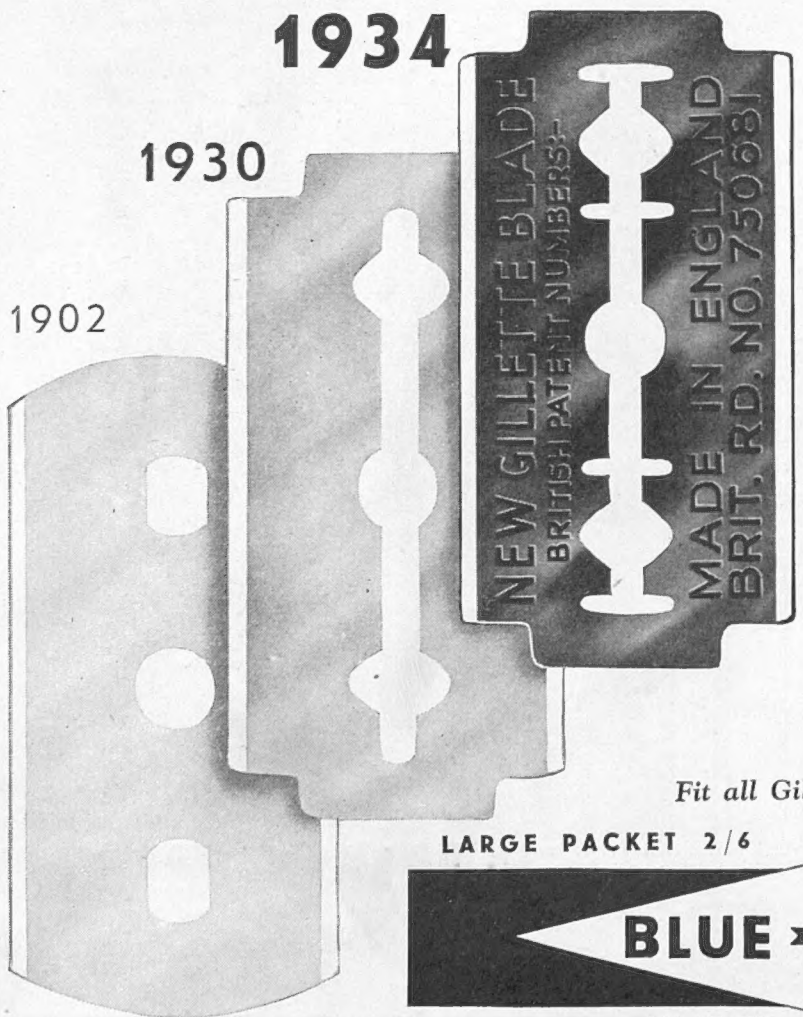
It is said that money can buy anything. In the car world it can buy superlative performance or sheer luxury, or a combination of the two. In this latter class is the 3½ litre Bentley.—*Autocar, March 30th 1934*

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD · 16 CONDUIT STREET LONDON · W·1 · TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 4412

1934

1930

1902



STILL AHEAD!

It was Gillette who revolutionised shaving over 30 years ago by the invention of the safety razor and renewable blade.

It was Gillette who led year by year thereafter in the march towards perfect shaving—by constantly improving their methods of manufacture, by perfecting new machines and new processes, by unceasing research and test.

Now, to-day, Gillette's leadership is established even more firmly by the latest product of the Gillette factory—the BLUE GILLETTE blade.

Ask for Blue Gillettes and make certain of obtaining Gillette's latest step towards super shaving comfort. Obtainable of all dealers.

Fit all Gillette Razors—old and new styles.

LARGE PACKET 2/6 SMALL PACKET 1/3

BLUE Gillettes

MADE IN ENGLAND.

THE LADY WHO PLAYED WITH A MIXED BAG

If only she had matched up with

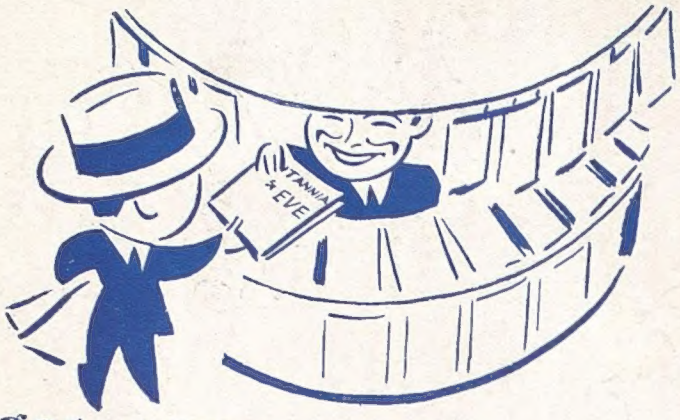
Players who prefer a greater amount of whip in their shafts can now obtain the **TRUE TEMPER LIMBERSHAFT.** *The* **TWIN TAPER** *type of shaft is now obtainable in* **TRUE TEMPER** *woods and* **TRUE TEMPER** *Master Irons*

TRUE TEMPER STEEL SHAFTS

All True Temper Shafts are made in a large variety of attractive finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath. Your Pro. will gladly let you try them.

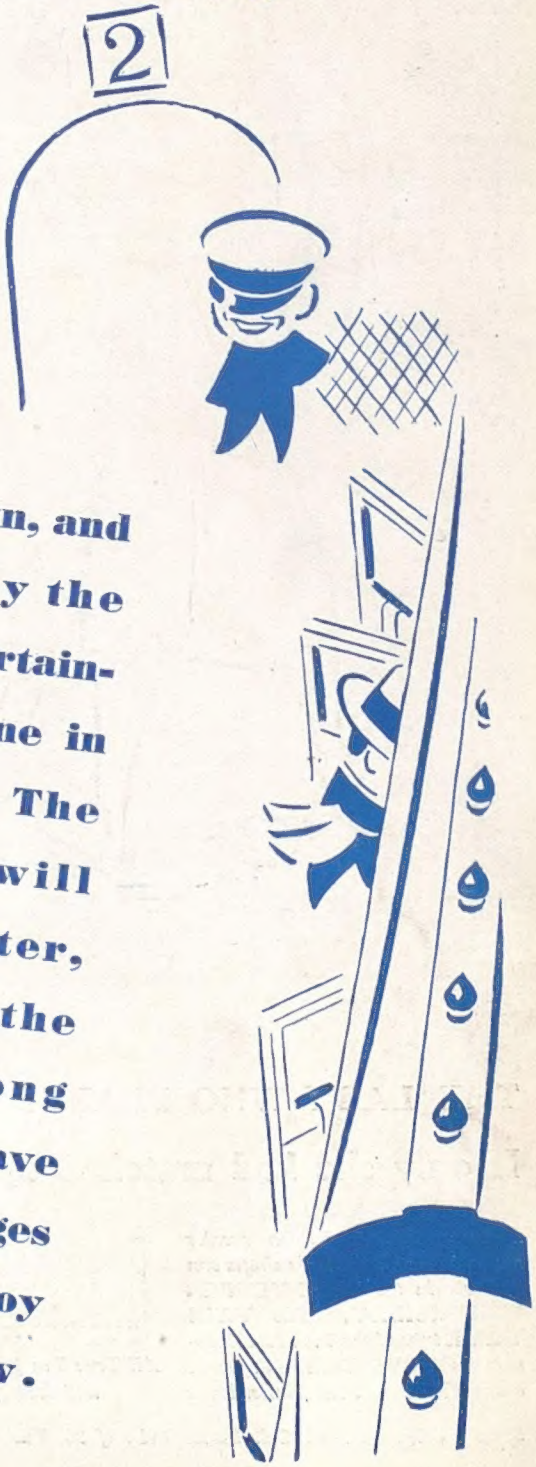
Made for British Steel Golf Shafts Ltd., *of* 26, Exchange Street East, Liverpool, *by* Accles & Pollock, Ltd., *of* Oldbury, Birmingham.

℗ 21



get "BRITANNIA AND EVE"

MAKE A BEE-LINE FOR THE BOOKSTALL



Settle down, and then enjoy the most entertaining magazine in the world. The journey will seem shorter, and unless the trip is a long one—you'll have pages and pages to read and enjoy to-morrow.

BUY YOUR TICKET